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THE GOLD FIEND:

—OR,—

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH-STONE.

A Story of Boston and New York.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

BRIDEGROOM AND BRIDE.

Mr. Gerald Griffin's taste was not immaculate, and he appeared to be aware of it, for he usually left the details of his costume to his tailor; but on his wedding-day he chose to be attired in a suit of his own selection. So he sat in his dressing-room, opposite the glass, in a blue coat with gold buttons—real gold; a white vest, dazzled with a good deal of gold chain, while a splendid diamond burned in the snow of the bosom, and audaciously challenged the eye of the observer. His hair was elaborately curled and dressed in the style of George the Fourth's wig; and, altogether, he was quite an imposing figure from a distance. By gas-light or "punch-light," he would have passed muster well enough, but seen from a near stand-point, there was something essentially vulgar about him. Only a very *distingué* person can wear a blue coat. But Griffin was evidently satisfied with what they call on the stage, his "make up;" and not that alone—he even fancied that his face, with its bold features and hard lines, that no art could obliterate, looked singularly captivating, and would not contrast unfavorably with the perfect and queenly features of his bride.

Such was not the opinion of Selwin, who, pale, haggard and tremulous with weakness, leaned back languidly in a chair, his hollow eyes resting on his patron.

"I wish you would excuse me from this service," said Selwin.

"Impossible," said Griffin. "I have my reasons for wishing your presence—and for having you where Mrs. Norman can see you. Be sure to be seated in the church, near the altar, before we enter."

"I will do it, sir. And now let me ask you one thing: You are marrying a fortune, are you not?"

"An immense fortune."

"But the match is not altogether an unequal one; for you bring the lady great wealth also," said Selwin.

Griffin's brow darkened.

"The world believes me as rich as General Norman was," he said, in a low voice. "And I do possess what some would call a fortune. But I have met with heavy losses—ships wrecked, scoundrels absconding, whose paper I held, etc.; and as I ventured boldly, I have suffered correspondingly. But this marriage will retrieve all. When I have command of the wealth, there will be no limit to my power and influence."

"And I trust, sir, you will not forget those who aided you in obtaining it."

"Those who aided me in obtaining it!" exclaimed Griffin, staring at him. "Why, I owe it to myself! My brain originated every scheme that has led to this result."

"You forget that it was through my instrumentality that your path was cleared of a formidable rival."

"You were the tool—but a tool that I had forged myself," said Griffin, sneeringly. "But I will not deny," he added, after a pause, "that you have been of some service to me. But then I have paid you largely already."

"You saved my life—or rather you caused me to defer my suicidal purpose," answered Selwin, "and you gave me gold enough to re-awaken my taste for those wild pleasures by which I had been ruined. Do you now purpose to abandon me?"

"Your debts are paid—your credit re-established," said Griffin; "and you have only now to pursue your profession steadily."

"My profession!" said Selwin, bitterly. "I have lost all my skill. My hand is but a bundle of trembling nerves; my eye is dim; my imagination plays me false. The slow fever and debility, and the wild craving for excitement, unfit me for exertion."

"Necessity has a wonderfully restorative power," said Griffin, coldly. "But I have not been entirely forgetful of you, or of the nature of our relation. When a king marries, he empties his dungeons of criminals; in like manner, I, too, relinquish all claims on your time, beyond this slight service of being present in church."

"That may be a greater service than you imagine," muttered Selwin.

"And here," said Griffin, proffering him a slip of paper, "here is a souvenir."

Selwin examined it before thrusting it in his pocket.

"A check for two hundred dollars," said he, carelessly. "Thank you. This will last me a month or so—and that is as long as I shall last."

"Nonsense! You are young."

"Life is not to be measured by years," said the painter. "There are old men at thirty. The storm of passion has left to your iron frame more of youth than I can boast. With me, the cup has been so long since drained that there remains not even the fragrance of the wine that filled it once. No art can revive the withered roses that lie scattered in our path. I am wearier of what remains of my existence than I was on that memorable night when you first met me on the Battery."

"These are idle words, Selwin," said Griffin, rising. "You must shake off these feelings. A brisk walk in the fresh air will revive your spirits. And now give me your hand. I shall not have an opportunity of speaking to you in the church, and we shall not meet again for a long time. I have engaged passage for Europe, and the moment the ceremony is concluded, we shall drive down to the ship."

The hard, cold man, who said this, unsympathetic as he was, could not help experiencing a twinge of pain, half remorse, half pity, as he felt how hot and feverish the hand was that lay almost passively in his grasp.

"Why, you are unwell, Selwin!" said he.

"I had no motive for deceiving you," said the painter. "I tell you I am convinced that I have not long to live."

With these words they parted—Selwin to repair to the church where the wedding was to be celebrated, and Griffin to the residence of his bride.

Mrs. Norman's toilet was completed. Rosine led her to the glass, and drawing aside the heavy drapery of the window, permitted the full light of day to fall upon her person. As she stood, motionless, the reflection of her figure, enclosed by the heavy carved and gilded frame of the glass, looked like some cunning picture from the hand of Titian. Her face and figure, in the simplest apparel, were noble and commanding. Surrounded by clouds of lace, glittering with priceless gems, arrayed with consummate taste, her beauty was bewildering.

"Never," said Rosine, "did a lovelier bride enter church or drawing-room."

"And to think how I am mated!" said the widow, with a scornful smile, without removing her eye from the glass.

"The world will pronounce it a very suitable match," said the waiting-maid.

"The world shall not see that I think otherwise," said the widow. "And then I am going to Europe—think of that! To France—to Italy—where beauty commands admiration, and jealousy, even, cannot prevent its utterance. But I hear the street bell. It must be Mr. Griffin; you gave orders to have him shown into my boudoir?"

"Yes, madam."

"I am to see him on business before we join our friends in public."

As Mrs. Norman entered her boudoir, Griffin advanced to meet her with the affected alacrity of a youthful bridegroom. The beautiful woman closed her eyes as she coldly permitted his salute. She could not possibly disguise her repugnance.

"Julia," said Griffin, "I have brought you the present I promised on our wedding day."

"Say, rather, the price you were willing to pay for me," answered Mrs. Norman.

Griffin made no reply to this retort, but producing a carefully enveloped paper, handed it to the lady. She clutched it eagerly, and then opening it, read it carefully through, scanning the signature and seal with great severity. She then lighted a taper, and held the fatal codicil in the flame till it was nearly consumed, dropping it, when she could no longer hold it safely, on the marble table, and watching it intently till every vestige of it had perished. She then opened the window and flung the codicil and ashes to the winds.

"I am ready now," she said, "to consummate the sacrifice."

Griffin raised her jewelled hand to his lips.

There were not many persons assembled in the church on Broadway, in which the ceremony was to be performed, owing to the early hour at which it had been purposely fixed. Among them, however, was Selwin, who sat in one of the front pews facing the altar, and near him, a man muffled in a cloak. At a greater distance, sat Bradwell and his daughter, who had happened in by chance as they were passing. As the bridal party, forming a small group, approached the altar where the rector was waiting to receive them, this person dropped the cloak from his shoulder and fixed his eyes upon the bride. A sort of magnetism, a power stronger than her own will, compelled her to raise her eyes in turn, and they encountered the stern, fixed gaze of Harry Redwood.

She changed color and trembled for a moment; but, then, suddenly controlling her emotion, became once more mistress of herself. Griffin recognized Selwin as he passed, and gave him an approving smile.

It appeared that Redwood was satisfied with the impression he made on Mrs. Norman, for he immediately rose to leave the church. As he passed, he touched Selwin on the shoulder. The latter stood up mechani[illegible]tions were entirely con[illegible] other, followed him down the broad aisle and out of the church. The ceremony then commenced. The clergyman performed his office with dignity and solemnity. He uttered every word deliberately and distinctly, particularly in the following sentences:

"Into this holy estate, these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else forever hold his peace."

At that moment two shadows fell between the bride and bridegroom and the priest. Two figures had advanced to respond to the summons—the one, a gray-headed man, tremulous with age, the other, a female, dressed and veiled in black.

"I can show legal cause," said the old man, tremulously, but audibly, "why this marriage should not take place."

Griffin, astonished and alarmed, fixed his flaming eyes on the speaker, and clenched his teeth to suppress the utterance of the angry oath that trembled on his tongue. The clergyman, equally surprised at this unusual interruption, closed his prayer-book and gazed inquiringly at the speaker.

"This man," said the stranger, pointing to Griffin, "is already married."

"It is false," said Griffin, springing forward, "false as—"

"Hush!" said the clergyman, severely. "Remember the place in which you stand. Have you proof of this charge?" he inquired, turning to the old man.

"Here stands his lawful wedded wife!" said the stranger.

He led forward the veiled female, who placed in the clergyman's hand a marriage certificate, and then lifting her veil, turned on Griffin a countenance deeply lined by suffering and passion, but in which proofs of former beauty were still legible.

Mrs. Norman watched Griffin's countenance with intense anxiety, for the confirmation or disproof of the charge brought against him. At the first moment it was bold, defiant and angry, but his expression soon changed to one of terror, mixed with indignation; his lips moved, as if he would have spoken, but he staggered back and took hold of the railing of a pew to support himself.

His alleged wife advanced as he receded.

"It is more than twenty-three years since we parted," she said, in a low tone.

"I thought you were in the grave!" said the husband.

"It is not your fault that I was not long ago," was the reply.

The clergyman here advanced and said that the investigation of the question raised must be deferred to another time and place, and to a different authority. And with these words, he passed into the vestry.

Mrs. Norman, as soon as she had recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary and unlooked for scene, withdrew, accompanied by her friends, refusing to listen to any explanation; and the sexton, anxious to spare further scandal, induced the spectators to retire.

"You—you—mad woman!" said Griffin, seizing the arm of his wife; "had you but waited—had you but sent to me privately, I would have made it worth your while to—but I will get a divorce—I will never live with you."

"And I will never leave you," was the decided reply.

"I have no friend in the world!" he groaned, smiting his forehead with his hand. "None—none!"

A hand was laid on his shoulder—a voice whispered gently in his ear:

"Joseph!"

Griffin started.

"Who is that speaks to me in that way?" he said. "Who speaks to me by a name that I haven't heard for many a long year?"

"Look at me!" said Bradwell; for he it was who had spoken. "We have not met for many a long year, and I know age and sickness have sadly changed me—more than they have changed you; and yet there must be something left by which you may know me."

Griffin looked at him, but shook his head.

"Think," said Bradwell. "Have you forgotten the Willows in the Genessee Valley?"

"The Willows!—no! no!" said Griffin, disturbed. "I remember the old farm but too well. And you?" he said, doubtfully.

"I am your brother John—John Bradwell," was the answer.

"Brother!" said Griffin. "I am glad to see you." Disappointment, for the moment, had softened his heart. "Don't call me by that name. Nobody knows Joe Bradwell—Joe Bradwell is dead. You must address me as Gerald Griffin."

"Well—I never used the family name on the bills," said Bradwell. "And that's the reason, [illegible] why we never [illegible] together. You must have wanted to see me."

"Yes—yes—much," answered Griffin. "But who is that young lady with you?"

"My daughter Irene."

"Irene! I have heard that name."

"I should think so," said the old man, rather hurt. "Everybody in New York must have heard of Irene the actress."

"Yes; but these things pass through my mind. But this is no time and place for recognitions and explanations. Strange things have happened to me to-day, and it is with difficulty I can command my thoughts. Where do you live?"

Bradwell informed him.

"I will see you again—if I live—before long," said Griffin. "Now, madam."

He beckoned to the female in black, and they walked out of the church together, followed by the old man who had interrupted the marriage ceremony.

"Mr. Brown," said the woman, "I shall have no farther occasion for your services to-day, and I know where to find you in case I should need you."

"You may rely upon me, madam," said the old man, as he took leave. "I will never see you wronged."

"Brown—Brown!" muttered Griffin, between his clenched teeth, "I remember him. He witnessed the marriage."

"Fortunately," said the female.

Griffin uttered a deep groan.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PAGE FROM THE PAST.

Yes—Gerald Griffin was a married man. Twenty-four years before, when, in consequence of certain disgraceful business transactions, he had been compelled to abandon his birthplace, change his name, and enter on a new career in New York, he had fallen in love with a young girl of exquisite beauty. Or rather, her preeminent attractions piqued his pride and challenged his power. He was determined to show that, plain and unprepossessing as he was, his will was strong enough for conquest. His love of beauty was then a weakness in his hard nature, and what he deemed a weakness was perhaps the only amiable trait in his character—it showed at least that he was human.

His wooing was conducted like all his other business transactions. He did not appeal to the tenderness of the girl's heart; he did not seek to awaken sympathy. He came to her, gold in hand. One day he brought her a bracelet, the next a pair of ear-rings. Another time, he had the effrontery to give her a purse filled with shining metal. His presents were accepted first, and then his hand. The girl was poor, and had a taste for luxury. Griffin had given her glimpses of his wealth and satisfied her of his ability to increase it. They were married. The bridegroom carried his prize to poorly furnished lodgings. In a few days he tired of the doll which he had made a temporary idol. She, too, in the intimacy of wedded life, suffered the mask to fall from her features. She disclosed a passion for extravagance and display, and demanded, as her right, the means of gratifying it. Griffin refused. He told her sternly that it was her duty to economize—to aid him by a rigid course of self-denial in building up the colossal fortune to which he was aspiring. She laughed scornfully at his parsimonious and avaricious plans. All she cared for now was to flaunt gaily in the streets, loaded with the jewelry with which Griffin had presented her. The husband remonstrated at first seriously, then sternly and imperiously. He forbade her passing her days abroad. She laughed at the prohibition.

One morning, when she was dressing for a walk, she missed her jewels. Griffin had abstracted them, and had them under lock and key. She charged him with theft and endeavored to regain possession of them, but in vain. And now commenced a life that was intolerable to both. She soon appeared in public again, splendidly attired and wearing jewels. Where she obtained them she refused to tell; moreover, she was seen in concert-rooms and other public places in company with a handsome young man who bore a bad name in society. Commanded to drop this acquaintance, she positively refused. Moreover, it became evident on more than one occasion that she had resorted to various stimulants as an antidote to the wretchedness she endured. Her insolence at such times was unbounded. He refused to pay her bills, and cautioned the public against trusting her. He worked her up by cunning gradations of insult and outrage to the extreme step of flying from his roof. From that time till the hour when she again crossed his path in church, at the moment when he was about to be united to another, he knew nothing of her.

He [illegible] learned something of her subsequent career. He now learned that, though hating him, and loathing the tie that bound her to him, she had never been unfaithful to him—her associations with others were mere flirtations, entered into for the purpose of goading him into jealousy, in the forlorn hope of turning that dire passion to account. In hating him she had learned to hate and to distrust his whole sex.

She had taken lodgings, it appeared, after leaving his roof, in an obscure part of the town, under a feigned name, and supported herself by her needle, as she had done before her marriage. So months passed on, and she became a mother at a period of joylessness, sickness, destitution, and even madness. The face of a baby-boy brought no joy to the heart of the half maniac mother. She seemed to see in it the hated features of the hated father. That child would grow up to hate her and to wrong her. She would never nurture a viper to sting her; and, as she had abandoned the husband, so she would abandon the child. Yet, in the estrangement of her intellect, or rather in a lucid interval, she placed a mark upon the boy, as if some future contingency might arise in which she might be anxious to identify and reclaim her offspring. But there seemed little likelihood of the child's living. She fled by night, and left the babe to the tender mercies of the keeper of the lodgings, to whom she was in debt. She fled to a southern city. There years passed as a blank in her existence, for she entirely lost her reason and became a public charge. When she recovered, she refused to give her real name, her place of birth, or the names of her friends. Since, she had met with various fortunes, and been a restless wanderer over the face of the globe, with a clouded intellect and a heart withered within her bosom. Chance brought her back to New York. She learned that Griffin was still living, and that he contemplated marriage. Her old hate revived—if, indeed, it had ever died out—and she resolved to take a signal vengeance for all she had suffered, in the face and eyes of the world. Hence her appearance in the church. The constancy of her hate, her audacity and resolution, awakened something like a feeling of admiration in the heart of Griffin. He recognized the spirit of this half-mad woman as something akin to his own.

"We might have aided each other," was his thoughts. "She might have been a helpmate to me." "But the boy," he said, "our son?"

"If living, lost to you forever," she answered.

"I tell you, woman," said Griffin, "I would give half my fortune to know that he was alive and to discover him."

"You will never meet him on this side of the grave," said the woman.

"I will leave no stone unturned to get tidings of him," said Griffin. "You could identify him."

"I could."

"By what sign?"

"That is my secret."

"I shall find a way to discover it."

"Never, unless I choose to speak out. You know of old that your iron will has recoiled before my power of existence."

"It is too true!" said the wretched father.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY.

It will be remembered that Mark Selwin, at the summons of Redwood, left the church in his company. The latter paused when they reached the street, and stood confronting the painter for a few moments, pale and stern, but without uttering a word. Selwin returned his gaze, but without exhibiting emotion of any kind.

"I have been looking for you for a long time," said Redwood, at last, speaking in a low but decided tone. "I have an account to settle with you."

"I have not avoided meeting you," answered Selwin, "and am ready for any settlement."

"I am glad to find you in this temper," said Redwood. "It will save many tedious preliminaries. You must know what is expected of the man who, under the garb of friendship, plots and consummates the ruin of another, who trusted him implicitly."

"Go on."

"You are that man; and you have acted that perfidious part."

"What if I deny it?"

"Then I shall brand you as a liar as well as a cheat—publicly, too, Mr. Mark Selwin."

"Have you anything further to advance?"

"Only to remind you of your introducing me to a knot of professional gamblers. But you will say that was an accidental meeting at Harlem."

"It was not."

"I played and lost."

"You did; and your antagonists used marked cards."

"You acknowledge that I was cheated, then; and by your instrumentality?"

"I do."

"Moreover, when in my desperation," pursued Redwood, "I was ready to coin my heart's blood into money to pay what I supposed to be a debt of honor, you counselled me to pledge the property of the woman I loved to a Jew?"

"I do not deny it."

"Then, to consummate your villany, you informed against me and betrayed me to Julia Norman?"

"I did."

"Ha! we are getting on famously," said Redwood. "I little expected so full and frank a confession. And now, sir, perhaps you will condescend to inform me of the motive for this complicated scheme of villany?"

"On that subject, Mr. Redwood, my lips are sealed."

"Be it so. That there was a greater villain behind you, I make no doubt. First let me crush the tool, and then the engineer. After what has passed, you must be aware of what you owe me."

"I never repudiate my debts."

"As you are still recognized as a gentleman, I am willing to meet you on that footing," said Redwood.

"And I seek not to escape any responsibility whatever," replied Selwin.

"In other words," said Redwood, "I must have your life—or you mine. It has come to that—I am a ruined man—utterly ruined. Fortune and friends are gone—and my conscience is my worst enemy."

"We are equals, then," said Selwin, sadly. "I, too, have nothing left to live for. Fortune has been a step-mother to me, and I am worn out with her harshness."

"Listen," said Redwood, drawing close to the young man. "It is unnecessary to confide our secret to others. I know of a secure place, where weapons can be secured, and the quarrel be settled at once."

"Time, place and weapon are indifferent to me," said Selwin.

"So much the better. The place to which I propose taking you, is the Shooting Gallery. It is deserted at this hour. I can secure the exclusive use of the gallery. There will be no witnesses. If either fall, it will be attributed to the careless use of the arms. Will you go there?"

"Anywhere," answered Selwin. "Only do not delay."

"I need not caution you to appear on a friendly footing with me, whatever the effort cost you. You can wear a mask as well as any one."

"Try me."

Redwood passed his arm in that of his foe, and they strolled down Broadway, chatting and laughing together, apparently the best friends in the world. Arrived in the vicinity of Canal Street, Redwood turned into a doorway and, followed by Selwin, ascended to the second story, when they soon found themselves in a shooting gallery.

A little sallow man, with mustaches, was the only person in the room. He was the proprietor of the gallery.

"Ah! Monsier Bonnard; how is business to-day?" inquired Redwood.

"Beezness? Ah! he is vot you call ver slow, Meester Redwood. Nobody seems vanting to shoot."

"That's bad. Well, we must try to get up some sort of excitement, to call public attention to your gallery. O, by-the-by, Bonnard, I forgot to present my friend, my most particular friend, Mr. Mark Selwin, one of our most promising young painters. Monsieur Bonnard, Selwin, is decidedly the best shot in the wide world."

"O, you flattair, Mister Redwood," said the delighted Frenchman. "Sometimes I shoot pooty well—pooty well."

"Pretty well! Why, you know, Bonnard, you can centre an ace of hearts nine times out of ten, at twenty paces, firing at the word; snuff a candle, lodge a bullet on a pen-knife blade, and do a thousand other feats that nobody else ever thought of."

"Ah! you flattair! you flattair!" said the Frenchman.

"Nonsense! I don't flatter at all. Why, for my part, I am always ashamed to shoot while you're looking on. It makes me nervous. So I dropped in with my friend, because I knew it was about your luncheon time, and thinks I, we'll have the gallery to ourselves while Bonnard is taking his crackers and coffee."

"*Eh! bien!* as you like it," said Bonnard, taking his hat. "Zere are de pistols and de powdair, ball and caps—an' ze oil-rag and ze screw ramrod."

"I see—all right," said Redwood.

"Remember, gentlemen, zey are hair triggers."

"You hear, Mark," said Redwood. "Take warning, for you are very careless. How long shall you be gone, Bonnard?"

"Only twenty minutes."

"Anybody be likely to be in?" asked Redwood, carelessly.

"*Helas!* no. Nobody comes here nevair, I tink sometime," said the poor Frenchman.

"Well, then, I'll take the liberty to bolt the door," said Redwood.

"As you like," said the Frenchman. "*A bientot*, gentlemen."

Redwood bolted the door.

"Now," said he, turning sternly to Selwin, "are you ready?"

"Quite ready," replied Selwin.

"Then come hither, and see me load the pistols," said Redwood. "I will then offer you the choice."

And with a steady hand, unshaken by his deadly purpose, Redwood deliberately loaded the pistols. With an equally steady hand, Selwin lifted one of the weapons.

"Here," said Redwood, pointing to a space on the floor, "are twenty paces marked off. Take either extremity. When you are ready, we will fire."

The combatants stood facing each other, their pistols pointing to the floor.

"Are you ready?" asked Redwood.

"Ready!" replied Selwin, quite clearly and distinctly.

"Fire!" said Redwood.

The two pistols exploded at one and the same moment. As the smoke lifted, Redwood remained standing firmly on his feet; but Selwin, after swaying helplessly to and fro, fell backward on the floor with a smothered groan.

It needs but an instant to change the deep anger and hate of the duellist into the agony of remorse and guilt. As Redwood saw that pale and writhing face, the thin hand tearing the stained shirt from the lacerated bosom, he forgot in an instant all the wrongs he had endured. He realized in that moment the full horror attending the sacrilegious irruption into the "house of life." He almost felt the burning brand of Cain stamped upon his brow. A prayer—a hope for the life of his antagonist—rushed hot and hurried from his lips. He dropped his pistol and sprang to the wounded man, lifted him in his arms as tenderly as if he had been a brother or a child, bore him to the sofa, and then bathed his temples with iced water.

"I have murdered you!" he exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest anguish.

"Hush! hush!" said Selwin. "Remember our compact. Bonnard's at the door. Let him in immediately."

Redwood unbarred the door. The Frenchman saw in an instant that something awful had happened, by the ghastly pallor that overspread the face of the duellist.

"Vat is ze mattair!" he cried. "O, *mon dieu!* your friend is hurt and bleeding."

"It's my own fault, Mr. Bonnard," said Selwin, beckoning the man to his side, and by a great effort speaking intelligibly. "I held the pistol pointing towards me—it went off in my hand—"

"O, *mon dieu!* you are killed! I vill run for ze surgeon—for ze coroner—for ze grand jurce."

"Stay," said Selwin. "Nobody can do me any good. Mr. Redwood—come here. Stand aside, Mr. Bonnard. Redwood, put your ear close to my lips. I'm dying; but I forgive you," he whispered, so that only Redwood could hear. "It was chance—fate; for I took good aim at you—and I never before missed my mark. But before I die, I must see, I must speak to Gerald Griffin. Fly to the church—and tell him I am dying—and charge him, if he would avoid the curse of a dying man, to hasten to my side."

Redwood pressed the cold hand that was extended to him, and then flew down the staircase and up Broadway as if an immortal avenger were at his heels. He reached the church door just as Griffin was about stepping into a carriage with his wife. He delivered the message.

"Dying!" said Griffin; "and must see me? Why, I just parted with him full of life! What a day this has been!"

"But you will go to him?"

"Assuredly."

"And wherever you go, I go too," whispered Mrs Griffin.

"Be quick then," said Griffin, angrily, as he pushed her into the coach and sprang in after her.

The carriage was driven at full speed to the shooting gallery.

Griffin and his companion ascended the stairs, and soon stood beside the couch of the dying man. A surgeon had been called in; but one glance at the wound satisfied him that human skill would be of no avail, and that to use the probe would only be to inflict unnecessary torture. He retired, accordingly, leaving Selwin in the charge of Bonnard, who was almost distracted with grief and horror. Selwin made the Frenchman understand that he wished to be in private for a few moments, and the poor fellow instantly left the room and kept guard against intrusion outside the door.

"Mr. Griffin," said Selwin, "I hardly know why I have sent for you. *It* was a dying man's caprice. But while our association lasted, I was true to you—true to the last gasp. And I thought you might be willing to see that I was not thrust into the grave like a pauper. Your last gift, which is untouched in my vest pocket, will more than pay all charges."

No human heart can become entirely steeled and proof against sympathy—and even Griffin was saddened for the moment by the sight of his broken tool. He kneeled down beside the sofa.

"Promise me," said the dying man, "that you will never reveal what I have to communicate to you."

"I promise you," said Griffin.

"Then hear me: The world will learn that my death was accidental; but it was not," said the dying man.

"You have not killed yourself?"

"No—I fell in fair combat."

"With whom?"

"The man who informed you of my condition. Who but Redwood could desire my life? He charged me with betraying him to the gamblers—to the Jew—and to Mrs. Norman. I made no denial, and a hostile meeting was the inevitable result."

"But you might have thrown the blame on me. He would never have dared to lift a finger against me."

"Griffin, I was heart-sick and weary of life; so I let his wrath work its will."

"But perhaps," said Griffin, who was now conscience-stricken and appalled, "you will get over this. You bleed but little."

"The bleeding is internal," answered Selwin, struggling to master the agony he suffered.

"Can *you* do nothing for him?" asked Griffin, turning to his wife. "You used to boast your skill in wounds and sickness."

"It has kept me from starving more than once," replied the woman, coldly.

She bent down and carefully removed the linen from the breast of the wounded man. But at the first glance she started back. It was not the sight of the wound that appalled her; for she had passed months as nurse in a hospital. It was a peculiarly shaped cross, distinctly visible on the left breast of the sufferer. Seizing Griffin by the wrist, she pointed out that mark.

"Do you see that?" she whispered, in an agitated voice.

"Yes," said Griffin.

"Twenty-three years ago," said the woman, "with a brand reddened in the fire I placed that mark upon the bosom of a child—a waif-mark—ere I abandoned him to the world. Gerald Griffin you asked for your son—you would give half your fortune to recover him,—he lies there before you!"

"Woman!" said Griffin, sternly, "if you have deceived me in this, my vengeance will be swift and terrible."

"Do not threaten me," said the woman; "but look to the boy—you have not long to enjoy his company."

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mark, whose senses were beginning to be confused with pain and exhaustion.

"It means," said Griffin, kneeling, and clasping the hand of the sufferer, "it means that I am the most wretched man on the face of the earth. It means that I am your father—though God is my witness that until this hour I knew not that I had a son. This woman is your mother."

"Mother—father!" murmured the sufferer. "Ah! too late!—too late!—my career is ended! But speak to me, mother. Give me your blessing—will you?"

"It would not avail you," said the woman. "I have long since forgotten how to frame a blessing."

"My boy! my [illegible], wronged boy! speak to me—speak to your father!" said the man of gold. "Say that you forgive me. I pushed you on to your ruin—you die for my sins. There is hope for you; for you were driven by the fateful force of circumstances. But for me, woe! woe! unutterable, and wrath to come. But you shall not die!" he added, frantically. "I will carry you home—O, so tenderly! I am rich still. Gold can do anything. It shall buy me all the skill in the city."

Mark shook his head.

"There is death in my heart," said he. "I know it too well. Good-by, father, and good-by, mother. Your hands! Ah! I feel the clasp—though I see you but dimly. Stay by me to the last. Father—I am going. My heart is flame—and ice. I can't see you now. It is night—dark night!"

These were the last words he uttered. A convulsive writhing of the frame, a tightening of the grasp with which he clung to the wretched pair that kneeled beside him; and then a calm settled on his face as its color faded entirely away. He was gone! With a groan that told the hopeless anguish of his soul, the stricken father fell fainting on the body.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

A plain marble stone, in a church-yard, bears this brief inscription: "She always made home happy." This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her! Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted in her own person, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "She always made home happy."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A FAST HORSE.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin tells of a horse that recently died in Oregon, Ill. He was very ugly, and would not be harnessed except with saddle, and could make extraordinary time. He could pass over 112 miles in 12 hours. His usual time from Oregon to Rockford, 25 miles, was two hours. The doctor who owned him, and who alone could ride him, has been heard to say that during six years past he has ridden him upwards of 20,000 miles, and that during all this time he was never known to trip or stumble.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, "ADDIE HOOD."

BY [illegible]

Singing gaily where thou may,
Full of life and full of play;
Full of joy and full of glee,
What's this world of care to thee?

What's its many scenes of woe,
Thou too young for them to know;
Life to thee now bright appears,
In this world of many tears.

On thy face there rests a smile,
Pure and free from earthly guile;
Round thee friends do clustering come,
To shield their little darling one.

Singing gaily where thou may,
Pass life's hours with joy away;
And if troubles thou shouldst meet,
May they part before thy feet.

Flowers bright I trust will spread
Where thou may be wandering led;
And life's river here below,
Softly, "Addie," for thee flow.

Oft I think of days gone here,
When by me thy form was near;
And thy love thou there did show,
By the kiss thou 'id pure bestow.

But they're passed—those days are gone,
Bright ones then, for which I mourn;
Hearts who then "bright hope" they bore,
Now lay crushed with hope no more.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SELF-DENIAL.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"Cousin Solon, are you ready?" called the voice of a young lady at my door, one morning, at nine. I recognized this voice as that of Arabella, the second daughter of my cousin, Mrs. Harrington, who had insisted when I called in on the previous afternoon that I should remain over night in order to attend a public breakfast with her and her daughters on the morning succeeding.

I was quite ready when Miss Arabella knocked at my door; and accordingly making myself visible, accompanied her down stairs. She was in the highest of juvenile spirits—that is, juvenility at seventeen—and talked to me with the greatest animation. I think she was conscious of looking especially pretty on that particular morning, and of appearing her best. Whether this circumstance had anything to do with her good humor, I cannot say; but I suspected that she was not without her share of female vanity. But she was very young, and really good-hearted. We entered the empty parlor.

"How, my dear," I said, "are you and I the only ones ready?"

"O, Cousin Solon, you know it takes Flora and Caroline a great while to dress," was Arabella's answer; "and mama, too,—she never comes down till they are ready. But I dare say they will join us in ten minutes or so; at least, by the time Harry comes in. He will be back here shortly; he only meant to be gone half an hour. Let us sit down in this pleasant window and talk together till they come."

I took my place beside her, while she chatted away in the happiest possible strain. I am one of the class denominated "good listeners;" a character which suited my little cousin admirably that morning; for she was eager to tell me of the gayeties into which she had lately entered, having but just "come out:" of her beautiful new set of pearls, which she had teased mama to purchase for her; and of a love of a bouquet which had the evening before been presented her by a certain distinguished gentleman, whose notice made her an object of especial envy to a great number of young ladies.

All this I heard very distinctly; but I was thinking at intervals of something quite unconnected with the subject of Miss Arabella's elegancies; and as soon as courtesy would permit, after its conclusion, or what, from the length of the succeeding pause, I inferred to be such, I asked:

"At what time, my dear, does your cousin Elma come?"

"At a quarter past nine she said she would be in." And she consulted her watch. "It is five minutes past now, Cousin Solon; so she will be here in exactly ten minutes more. Not a second earlier or later, I assure you; for Elma Beverly is a jewel of punctuality."

Mrs. Harrington entered with her youngest daughter, Caroline, at this moment.

"Elma Beverly—what about her? Ah, Solon—ready? Well, is not Elma here?"

"No, mama. You know she is not to be here till a quarter past nine," said Arabella.

"Isn't Harry come back yet from the office?" asked Caroline, the languid and ringleted Caroline, the sentimental one of the family, who at sixteen imagined herself a heroine of romance, and affected airs accordingly.

She drew a small volume from her pocket, as she received a negative answer, and proceeding to ensconce herself in the recess of a neighboring window, awaited the moment of departure, wrapt in the sorrows and calamities of some imaginary beauty—the counterpart of herself.

Caroline wore a white muslin gown—"a robe of snowy fabric," perhaps I ought to say with (according to the approved style of damsels in novels) "no ornament save a single rose, twined in her luxuriant tresses." She was not by any means pale, as she would have liked to be; on the contrary, she had the finest color of any one in the family. Still, by the aid of her long, dark curls, she managed to make herself look tolerably romantic. But I digress.

Mrs. Harrington seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair near me, casting critical and complacent glances, first upon Arabella, then upon Caroline.

"Really, you look very well, girls, this morning," she said, approvingly; and the satisfied expression of her eyes, as they met mine, said: "There are no girls like my girls." It was a mother's vanity—pardonable, perhaps.

Flora entered now; Flora—stately, elegant, graceful,—her mother's especial pride. Mrs. Harrington was very proud of all her children—Flora, Arabella, Caroline, and Harry (who, by the way, was really a fine boy, and my favorite); but Flora was her favorite, I think. The young lady glided into the room with her usual graceful and somewhat haughty air, and speaking to one and another with a mingling of courtesy, affability and nonchalance in her manner, advanced to a window, with the current inquiry for Harry. Mrs Harrington glanced at me again, with ill-concealed triumph in her eyes. If her other girls looked well, Flora outshone them.

And, truly, they were all handsome girls, and were dressed with indisputable perfection of taste. My cousin Sophia took care of that. She was one to pride herself on matters of dress. Expense, too, was one of the last things considered. Not a flaw was to be discovered in any part of the attire of herself or her children. Nothing was worn but that which was new, elegant and perfect in every respect. The maids my cousin employed had nothing to complain of in regard to the generosity of their mistress. The supplies of dresses and bonnets from their mistress, who seldom wore either a dress or a bonnet a dozen times, was incredible. But it showed people how well and how expensively my cousin Harrington and her children were in the habit of dressing.

We waited a few moments, conversing together, and exactly at a quarter past nine my niece Elma arrived, accompanied by Harry, who had joined her on the way. They came in together, he a bright, handsome, gallant boy of eighteen, laughing-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and she a pretty, simple, innocent girl of the same age, who looked, in her pure, light muslin, and her little white bonnet, with its wreath of lilies of the valleys, as fresh and charming as a spring flower.

"Good morning, Cousin Elma!" "Good morning, Cousin Elma!" they all said, and all shook hands with her—the girls, I know, thinking how pretty she looked, and Mrs. Harrington herself surveying her with a critical eye as she kissed her, and then told her how well she was appearing this morning. That included dress and all, I could see. Sophia was very well satisfied with the appearance of her young cousin. Indeed, I do not see how it could be otherwise. The child always seemed to me without a fault. But if she had been dressed in serge, I do not think I should have thought her less pretty, when her sweet young face lighted up with such a beautiful smile, and she said in such a musical voice, as she kissed me, "Good morning, Uncle Solon; I am very glad you are going with us."

"I thank you, my dear. How does your mother do to-day?" I said.

"My mother is very well, I thank you. She sends her love to you, uncle; and to you all," turning again to Mrs. Harrington and the girls, "and bade me say again that she very much regretted not being at liberty to accompany you; she could not break her previous engagement with Mrs. Morrison."

"Yes, I am quite sorry," answered Mrs. Harrington; "for I really depended, until yesterday, upon her going. It is so vexatious, Solon," she continued, turning to me, "that Emily will spend the day with a deaf old woman, and find pleasure in it, when she might be going with me."

She stood there, drawing on her gloves, when a carriage drew up before the door, and the girls' delighted exclamation, "O, there's Mrs Mostyn and her nephew!" was immediately followed by the entrance of a pleasant, majestic-looking, middle aged lady, attended by a gentleman some years younger—probably he was twenty five, or thereabouts, though a certain dignity and seriousness blending with the gentle expression of his fine features, made him appear somewhat older than he was,—and this was her nephew and my young friend, Mr. Mostyn.

The exchange of salutations concluded, Mrs. Mostyn said at once to my cousin Sophia:

"My dear, I have come to take one of your girls up on my way to the rooms. I hope you'll consent?"

"With pleasure," smiled Mrs. Harrison.

"Very well; I should like Flora. Flora, my dear, will you come?—O, and you, too, Miss Elma. May I ask so much?—that is, if I don't break up your party too much?" And she then turned to Mrs. Harrington.

Elma had glanced hesitatingly towards Mrs. Harrington, who said:

"O, certainly, if you wish, Mrs. Mostyn;" for she had a kind of reverential admiration for this lady, whose birth, wealth and talents settled her position among the highest; and whatever she said or did was law.

A moment before we all set out, Mrs. Harrington stood in the hall with Elma. I saw her examining something which she held in her hand. Her countenance had lost a degree of its usual placidity, and Elma was slightly coloring.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Mostyn, quietly, taking her nephew's arm and joining them.

Cousin Sophia looked up. "O, nothing of great consequence," she answered, and yet with a slight air of annoyance and severity; "only Elma's glove—she has had the carelessness to put on a pair which are really not fit to be seen."

"Indeed! Why, I was thinking very differently a moment ago," returned Mrs. Mostyn. "Let me see, my dear—not fit to be seen! Where?"

"One is mended," said Elma, in a low voice, and with a timid blush.

"Mended?—why, really, so it is—and very nicely, too. One cannot see it without close examination. If that is all the fault, pray let the child wear the gloves." And she turned, smiling, to my cousin Harrington. "If any one should chance to discover the fact of their having been mended, it will only be to give credit to her skill as a most expert needlewoman."

"Rest assured, madam," said the nephew, in a subdued tone to Mrs. Harrington, "that no one who observes Miss Beverly's hand will ever remark an imperfection in her glove."

My cousin Harrington smiled faintly, and said no more; but I could see that her annoyance was not quite dissipated. With a grave look, she returned to Elma her handkerchief, which she had also been examining, I was sufficiently curious to examine it myself, a moment after, and found a single spot in it, close to the embroidery, where the fabric having worn thin, had been darned with the greatest nicety. But imperceptible as it might have been to others, this single spot had not escaped the eyes of the pink of particularity, my cousin Harrington; and she was therefore excessively annoyed; for she had always interested herself in Elma, as much as her own daughters, in the matter of dress.

"So she scolded you about the gloves and the handkerchief, did she, Elma?" I said, laughingly aside, to the young girl.

Elma blushed.

"Yes, Uncle Solon. But it was my fault. I should have remembered how particular she is. These, however, are my best gloves. And, indeed, I thought they would do sometime yet to wear. I would have brought another handkerchief, if I had thought; but the gloves I could not help wearing, since I had none better. I wished to make them last a week or two longer."

"Economical little Elma! That is right, dear child. But do you know, Elma, I have a curiosity to know why you *are* so economical? You do not need to wear imperfect gloves or handkerchiefs either. Your quarterly allowance was, I know, paid you only the week before last. To be sure, it is not a great sum, but then it would buy you numbers of pocket-handkerchiefs and gloves. And that is, I believe, what it is partly given you for."

Elma blushed again.

"I know—but I want the money for something else, Uncle Solon."

"You do? What, I wonder—eh, little Elma? Well, well—I wont tease you, dear," for she was looking, I fancied, a little embarrassed.

At that moment, all were ready to go, and as Mr. Mostyn came for Elma, our conversation was broken off. I entered the carriage with my cousin Harrington and her two younger daughters.

"Pray, Cousin Solon," said Arabella, "what was that you and Elma were saying about economy, in such an earnest way? Something, I dare say, about her gloves, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," I answered.

"Well, whatever it was, Mr. Mostyn must have heard every word, for he was close by you with his mother, though neither of you seemed to observe them; and if there was anything said confidentially, why, he must know it."

"Really, my dear, I do not recollect that we said anything which we would have wished to conceal from him or you either," I said.

I speculated during the remainder of the drive, upon the subject of Elma's gloves, and Elma's economy. My cousin Harrington was once more in her usual good humor. She had evidently dismissed the matter from her mind.

We arrived at our place of destination, and were rejoined by Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew, with Flora and Elma, who, for her part, looked the picture of happiness.

"What a beautiful woman Mrs. Mostyn is, Uncle Solon!" she said, aside, to me. "I do not think I ever liked her so well before."

I thought it might be because the attraction was mutual; for Mrs. Mostyn, I know, had been led that morning to look deep into Elma's nature, and such a nature could not but be otherwise than pleasing to her, if she read it correctly, which I felt that a woman of her penetration could not fail to do.

"So you had a pleasant drive, Elma?" I asked.

"Very pleasant—yes, Uncle Solon. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? I do not think I ever met with more agreeable persons than Mrs. Mostyn and her nephew. They both converse charmingly—do they not? Better, I think, than any one I ever heard, almost."

"They understand what the word 'conversation' means, Elma, that is it; and both have minds most excellently and abundantly stored with knowledge. You will gain a great deal of benefit from their society. But we must look about us now and bow to people. All the world is here this morning, I believe."

With the occupation of bowing to people, and our coffee-cups, while we all—that is, Mrs. Mostyn's party and ours—kept up a lively conversation, we got through half an hour, at the expiration of which time, we repaired to the gardens opening from the rooms, whither a great portion of the company had already proceeded.

We had been there but a little while, when a group of ladies of my cousin Harrington's acquaintance came towards us, and accosted her. One of them held in her hand what seemed to be a subscription paper, got up for the benefit of some popular object or other, which just then attracted a great deal of attention. Mrs. Harrington and her three daughters immediately appended their names, with each a considerable sum. I contributed my part also. Elma, however, when asked to sign, reflected a moment, and then, with a slight deepening of color, declined doing so.

"Why Elma! Why not?" was the simultaneous exclamation of her cousins.

"Elma," said Mrs. Harrington, coldly, "I thought you expressed your approval of this object, yesterday?"

Elma colored more deeply. Every eye—Mrs. Mostyn's, Charles Mostyn's and all—was directed to her.

"I did, Cousin Sophia," she said, in a low voice, "but I cannot subscribe. I am very sorry."

"As you please," said Mrs. Harrington, turning away, while Flora and Arabella slightly smiled, and the latter said in a light way:

"Another instance of cousin Elma's 'economy,' I suppose, isn't it? Be careful, Elma, or instead of an economist, I shall think you are a little miser."

"I should not refuse to subscribe, Arabella, if I had not good reasons for it," said Elma, very gravely.

"I am sure, Elma," returned her cousin, "you had your allowance when I had mine, and I know you have not spent a single penny"

"No, I have not spent any of it, Arabella."

"How then, do you say you cannot subscribe?"

Elma was silent an instant. Then she said, gently: "Because it is true, Arabella."

Arabella turned away, silenced by the gentle rebuke. Mrs. Mostyn quietly pressed Elma's hand, with an affectionate smile.

"I am sure," she said, kindly, "Elma would gladly give her money if she could do so conscientiously."

A grateful glance beamed from the young girl's eyes; and the approving look she met seemed to give her new courage.

"An enigma, certainly," said a subdued voice at my side. I turned, to see Mr. Mostyn's thoughtful eyes fixed reflectively on my niece's countenance.

"Who—Elma!" I said. "Do you think her an enigma?"

"Yes, and one of no inconsiderable interest, at least, to me. I am trying (it may be impertinent, but I cannot help it,) to study her motives. Not alone those of the present moment, but of her whole life."

"The study is worth your attention, my dear boy."

"I believe it."

That was all we said. A little while longer and we left the place.

My cousin Harrington had now to visit a neighboring bookseller's with me; and as Mrs. Mostyn wished to go there also, it was settled that we should go together. Arabella and Caroline, who had no desire to accompany us, returned home in my cousin's carriage, and the remainder continued the way in that of Mrs. Mostyn.

We arrived at the bookseller's in a few minutes, and there a new trial awaited Elma. My cousin Harrington and Mrs. Mostyn selected the books they wished for, and then we all lingered, examining some new works just got out. Suddenly Flora called to Elma.

"See, cousin," she said, "here I have fortunately come across the very books you were wishing to get, the other day. The —— Magazines, in two large volumes, and nicely bound, too. See, Elma, what a prize!"

Elma's eyes sparkled, and her cheeks grew red—a vivid, brilliant red, as she sprang to Flora's side. O, let me see them, Flora!" she said, eagerly, and stretched out her hand. Then as suddenly she drew it back, with the beautiful flush of girlish delight fading quietly out from her cheek, and her countenance growing slightly serious, as a look of remembrance passed over it; the remembrance of an obstacle. I noticed this, and Mostyn noticed it, too, though Flora did not; for she had immediately turned to the bookseller, inquiring if the books were for sale, or already engaged. He answered that they were for sale, and named the price.

"There, you see the books are yours, Cousin Elma," laughingly said Flora, turning to her again. "Take them now. Will you do them up for Miss Beverly, if you please?" to the shopman.

"No, no; I have changed my mind, Flora," said Elma, quietly. "I do not want—that is—I will not take the books at present."

"Will not take them, Elma! surely you cannot be in earnest!" uttered Flora, in a tone of astonishment. "These books, of which you have talked so much for the last six months! What are you thinking of?"

"I cannot take them, Flora," urged Elma, in a subdued voice. "I beg you not to say anything more about it."

"You had better allow me to put them up, if I may be so bold, miss," said the bookseller, politely, "for I do not think I could get another set at any price whatever, and if you really want them, I should be sorry to let them go to any one else. Shall I put them down to Mrs. Beverly's account, miss?"

"Yes, you had better take them; let him pack them, Elma," urged Flora. "Your first and last chance, remember; and I know how sorry you will be that you did not take them, if you let them go now."

The flush on Elma's cheek was one of pain and of confusion at the consciousness of so many eyes attracted towards her by this scene. Poor Elma had not learned yet how to bear herself with composure, under the charge of singularity. She looked troubled, agitated.

"Dear Flora," she said, in a low, imploring, hurried voice, with downcast eyes, half turning away, as if to escape the curious eyes around her, "indeed, indeed I do not want those books now, and I cannot have them put down in mama's name. I never did such a thing in my life. No, I really, *really* do not want them at all. Pray tell him so, and do not say anything more about it."

Flora looked at her a moment with a surprised and offended air.

"Really, my dear, you are incomprehensible this morning," she said, at length, in a suppressed and freezing whisper. "You need not trouble yourself to pack them," she continued, coldly, addressing the bookseller; "Miss Beverly does not wish for them. Mama," to Mrs. Harrington, "are you ready to go?"

Mrs. Harrington had stood all this time, observing the scene before her, with visible and increasing annoyance. I knew that any scene of this kind, calculated to draw attention and curiosity, was inexpressibly displeasing to her. Her countenance displayed it, as she turned to her friend.

"Mrs. Mostyn, shall we go now?" she said, briefly.

I could not tell why Elma had refused the books which, for many a long month, she had been wishing to obtain, and which was rarely to be found then, the publication having existed and ceased some twelve years before; but I knew she wanted them. Hastening across the shop, I joined Mostyn, who was standing by the counter, speaking with the bookseller.

"Sir," I said to the latter, "I wish to purchase those books; will you do them up, if you please, and send them this evening to—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have just disposed of them," was the low-toned reply.

The surprise his words occasioned was instantly abated, as I looked at Mostyn, and met his warning glance, beseeching secrecy. He was the purchaser. He had anticipated me by exactly half a minute. And with this little by play, unobserved by any but Mrs. Mostyn, we followed the party from the shop.

I know my cousin Harrington was more deeply incensed during that day, than I had ever seen her before. I do not know whether she reprimanded Elma, as I am certain she felt inclined to do, for what she was pleased to term "her very singular conduct;" but she talked to me about it, with considerable excitement.

"I truly believe," she said, "that people will say that Emily has lost every penny of her fortune; for certainly, Elma's behaviour to-day would lead one to suppose them absolutely beggared. What strange freak can have got into her head now? Her singularity is certainly insufferable. She made me absolutely ashamed of her to day."

And Sophia was seriously indignant. She called on Emily the next morning. I was not present, but I heard afterwards that she spoke very emphatically of Elma's "singularity," and very seriously inquired whether Emily had not really become suddenly reduced in circumstances. Now Emily knew that Sophia was truly a good-hearted person in the main, although so trammelled by her regard for appearances, and so blunt spoken as she was: accordingly, she chose to laugh, rather than become offended; made our cousin Harrington take off her bonnet, and stay to dinner; assured her that she, herself, had not lost her fortune, and that the cause of Elma's seeming parsimony was really a very good cause indeed, and one which she would perhaps approve some day.

Emily, on learning the story of the books, without the conclusion, touching their final purchase, was delighted with her daughter's power of self-denial.

"I know it must have cost you a great deal to give them up, my dear," she said to her, "even for so good a purpose as you have in view; and now you shall have them indeed"

She immediately summoned a domestic, and despatched him to the bookseller's, to secure the books. Of course, they could not be obtained, having, as the man brought back word, been already disposed of.

Now that she had imagined them almost certainly in her possession, this sudden disappointment, after all, was very hard indeed for poor Elma to bear. But she put it down with a firm hand, after the first, and turned away from the contemplation of it.

"It is not such a *terrible* disappointment, Uncle Solon," she said, cheerfully.

I was bound in honor not to betray Mostyn, or I believe I must have acquainted her with the destination of her beloved and long-coveted books.

"Do you not wish now that you had taken them, Elma?" I asked.

She reflected a moment, and then shook her head.

"No, Uncle Solon, I do not. I should be very unhappy now, if I had yielded and taken them. I am glad I did not." And I knew she really was.

The autumn which witnessed the scenes I have described, deepened gradually into winter. Now, I saw Elma in a warm, brown cloak, and close winter bonnet, taking her brisk walk every day, where I had seen her so lately in her warm-weather muslins and simple cottage straw. I could not tell whether she looked prettiest then or now. But I knew—blessings on that dear, sunny little face!—that she was my own, pretty, favorite, loving Elma, at all times the same, summer or winter.

I met her at my cousin Harrington's, sometimes; sometimes at Mrs. Mostyn's; often and often in her own home, where I spent many a happy hour, and where I was always received with a warmth and cordiality that was dearer to me than I found it elsewhere.

But wherever she was, Elma was always bright, cheerful and busy as a bee. I do not remember ever seeing her, when she was not intent upon some good and useful work, for the good of somebody or other. She had always been thus, from her childhood; her life and its aims the very opposite of those of her cousins, the Harringtons. She had always been eager to help those who needed her services, caring especially for the poor.

This fall and winter, however, had given her added means for usefulness; and now I learned how nobly she had improved those means. Besides her mother, she received only Mostyn and uncle Solon into her confidence; for she was one to shrink from exposing, or seeming to display her good works; and only imparted her plans to us, I could see, because she disliked to seem mysterious to those so near as we.

Mrs. Harrington, I think, often meditated seriously now, upon Elma's character and disposition. I think she was convinced of the wisdom of Elma's motives, in whatever she did; though she could not always tell whither those motives tended. The conviction forced itself upon her, from the consistency and steadiness of purpose visible in all her actions, and her gentle perseverance in whatever she considered right. She remarked to me, one day, that Elma seemed more economical than ever. But it was said in a thoughtful way, that showed she no longer looked with an unfavorable eye upon that economy. She allowed that Elma seemed to her to grow more "singular" every day; but she permitted her to be as singular as she pleased, now, saying to me: "I think, finally, it must be for some good purpose."

It was for a good purpose, as she found shortly. It was three days before Christmas, when a party of us, consisting of my cousin Harrington and Flora, Mrs. Mostyn and Charles, with my sister Emily and myself, visited, by especial favor, one of the private meetings of the —— society, a new institution, formed for obtaining means for the relief of the poor in and about the neighboring districts, during the winter. It was a hard winter. Bread and fuel were scarcely to be obtained by many, and entirely beyond the reach of some.

This society was composed of a moderate number of young ladies and gentlemen, connected with the church to which my sister Emily belonged. We met several of our young acquaintances there, among the rest of whom was Elma.

The meeting was called to order, and the business of the hour quietly entered upon. A few words were spoken by the presiding member, relative to the object for which the society was formed, and some interesting remarks made, in regard to it; the clearness and brevity of which, in addition to the quiet, orderly, and perfectly business-like manner in which the meeting was conducted; and the serious, unmistakable earnestness evinced by every member, in the object before them, was proof sufficient that they clearly understood the business upon which they had entered, and had both the sense and determination to go through it correctly and steadily. Next, the names of the members were read, and the treasurer, list in hand, read off the amounts subscribed by each. Twenty names were given, the entire amount received being five hundred dollars. The last name was that of Elma Beverly—subscription seventy-five dollars. My cousin Harrington looked with astonishment, first at Elma, then at me.

"So this is the aim of Elma's economy?" she whispered. "Well, if I had guessed—"

I never knew my cousin Harrington so thoughtful before, as she was that day. Flora, Arabella and Caroline had no words to express themselves. Yes, this was the aim of Elma's economy—charity. And this was not the only instance. I went with my cousin Harrington, in the course of the day, to the cottage of a thrifty mechanic, on the outskirts of the city, where, in her rounds of charitable visiting, our Elma had found work to do.

"This is a hard winter, Mrs. Marsh," I said, to a pleasant, cheerful matron, who, with her bright, cleanly, healthy-looking children gathered about her, was waiting the return of her husband from his day's labor.

"A hard winter for many, sir," she answered, seriously; "but I am thankful, not a hard one for us, since Miss Beverly was so kind to us. I do not know what would have become of us all, if it had not been for her"

My cousin Harrington looked inquiringly at me, and then at our good hostess.

"You are acquainted with Miss Beverly, then, Mrs. Marsh?" she said, in a questioning tone.

"O, yes, ma'am," returned Mrs. Marsh, with a voice and look of pleased and heartfelt earnestness, "O, yes; if she had not helped us it would have gone hard with us this winter. My husband was ill all the fall—he fell and broke his arm in the early part of September. He did not leave his bed for two whole months. We had only his earnings to depend upon, and when he could no longer work, they failed us. We spent our last penny, and ate our last monthful of bread. And then the landlord was just going to turn us out of doors, sick as James was, because we had no money to pay the rent. It was on that very day, when I thought James was dying, when my children were crying for bread, and we about to be turned like beasts, out into the open fields to perish, that Miss Beverly heard of our situation, and came to help us."

She paused a moment, and turned away her head to hide the starting tears.

"Well, and she helped you?" said my cousin Harrington, presently, in a sweeter, tenderer voice than I ever heard before from her lips.

"Ma'am," said Mrs. Marsh, simply and earnestly, turning towards us again, "Miss Beverly paid our rent—every penny of it; she got a good physician for my husband, who saved the life I thought was failing; she procured for us everything we needed, and brought us through till my husband was able to work again; and this nearly all out of her own means. I never can be too grateful to her, never; nor many another poor family about here that she has helped out of trouble."

Mrs. Harrington looked round at me. There were tears—absolutely tears, in her eyes.

"What a dear girl that Elma is!" she murmured.

I gave her better reason yet for saying so, before we returned home. I showed her, one after another, no less than six families, in different places, where Elma's visits were hailed, in the midst of poverty and distress, as those of a ministering angel; and she acknowledged that Elma had a noble end, indeed, for her economy; as I had had reason to acknowledge, long since.

When Christmas night came, we planned a happy gathering at the house of my sister Emily, where we found Elma surrounded by a delighted little party of children, invited by her, and for whom she had prepared a glorious Christmas tree. Mrs. Mostyn and my friend Charles were there with us. During the evening, there was found at the foot of the tree, a package directed to Elma. Opening it, she found two handsomely bound volumes, at the sight of which, the ever-ready color rushed impetuously to her cheek. They were the magazines which, five months before, she had resolutely denied herself the pleasure of purchasing. She looked incredulous for a moment. Then a glance at the fly-leaf settled the difficulty. She looked up with a yet more brilliant blush, at Charles, who stood beside her, regarding her with a quiet smile.

"It is your gift, Mr. Mostyn?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes, Elma. Will you take it from me?"

She did take it. And in a little while after—in the following spring, she took Charles Mostyn himself, as well. They are a happy husband and wife; and Elma is as good, as charitable—yes, and as economical and more happy than ever.

ECHO ANSWERING.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—"Write."

What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—"System."

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—"Light."

What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—"Peace."

Who commits the greatest abominations?—"Nations."

What cry is the greatest terrifier?—"Fire."

What are some women's chief exercise?—"Sighs."—*Christian Freeman.*

A THING UNHEARD OF BEFORE!

A gentleman related to us yesterday one of the most inexplicable facts that ever occurred. If our informant were not entirely above all suspicion as a man of honor, we should hesitate to report the story—so strange does it appear to me.

Men and women have humbugged one another since "Adam delved and Eve span," and so it will continue to do (more or less in every community), until the world turns upside down. But to the narrative of how our North Carolina friend was deceived. We shall give the words as nearly as we can of the friend who related the facts to us. We were conversing on men and things in the old North State—of which both our friend and ourself are natives—when we happened to remember an old school-mate, a "high" fellow on fun, knowing on horses, and a judge of fox hounds.

"What has become," we asked, "of Frank H——?"

Our friend's face grew sad at the mention of the name.

"Have you never heard," he said, "of Frank's remarkable marriage?"

"Never," we replied.

"Well, sir, he married—his wife is a beautiful, accomplished, lovely woman, but—"

"But what?"

"Sir, Mrs. H—— was reputed, before the marriage, to be worth just fifteen thousand dollars. She was the only daughter of a widowed mother. Her friends, when asked—and her mother, too—always said it was fifteen thousand dollars. Of course it was believed—"

"Certainly, all that sort of thing is always believed!"

"Well, when they were married, and Frank came to count the money—"

"He, no doubt, found it fifteen hundred!"

"By no means; the old lady had the keeping of the young lady's income; a good deal of the money was hoarded, and when it was actually counted, it was ascertained that Mrs. H—— had, instead of fifteen, twenty-two thousand dollars—a clear gain of eight to Frank!"

Here our friend wiped his face slowly, and declared, as he finished the recital, that he believed "that no such case had ever happened out of North Carolina!"—*Montgomery Mail.*

LEGAL ANECDOTE.

About twenty years ago, two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar, Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett had been once battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before those interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four oclock, an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the court house—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State prison. Mr. Bartlett, the younger *gun*, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney general examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By-and by Mr. Bartlett opened his eyes, cast a glance at the gray hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the attorney general, said audibly—"I'll defend that man." He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes; but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony which appeared as clear as noonday, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement—and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the jury declared the prisoner not guilty! The weeping man with clasped hands leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender. "Let him out, constable," said Mr. Bartlett, "*and now you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again.*" And we left the court house laughing yet sorrowful.—*Concord Patriot.*

MUTE ELOQUENCE.

Some years ago, among a thousand others, we were listening to one of Preston's splendid harangues from the stump. Beside us was one as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching, apparently, every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now, the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks, and now, in ungovernable ecstacy, he would shout out in applause, which might have been mistaken for a small thunder storm.

At length Preston launched forth one of those passages of massive declamation, which those who have heard him know him to be so capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor it was what Byron has described the mountain storms of Jura. Its effect upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer, but brawling in our ear, as if he would blow it open with a tempest, he cried:

"Who's that speaking?"

"William C. Preston!" we replied, as loud as our lungs would let us.

"Who?" inquired he, still louder than before.

"William C. Preston of South Carolina!" replied we, almost splitting our throats in the effort.

"Well, well," returned he. "I can't hear a word he or you are saying; but great Jericho, don't he make the motions splendid?"—*Mobile Tribune.*

ANECDOTE OF FOX.

I saw Lanardi make the first ascent in a balloon, which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery-ground. Fox was there with his brother, General F. The crowd was immense. Fox happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. "My friend," said he to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." "O, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "forgive me and let me go. I have been driven to this course by necessity alone; my wife and children are starving at home." Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was: "My watch is gone!" he exclaimed. "Yes, answered General F., "I know it; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it, and made no attempt to stop him?" "Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms I didn't interfere."—*Rogers.*

A CELESTIAL STRANGER.

Astronomers are on the *qui vive* for a rare visitor, one who comes within our solar system but once in three hundred years. Its last appearance was in 1556, when it shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and was supposed to have had the principal agency in disposing Charles V. to abdicate his throne. M. Babinet, a member of the Academy of Science, says that this is one of the largest comets described by European or Chinese observers. M. Borne, an eminent astronomer, assisted by Mr. Hind, has gone over all the calculations pertaining to the comet's re-appearance, making a new estimate of the separate and combined actions of all the planets upon this comet, of three hundred years, the result of which is, that in 1858—or somewhere between 1856 and 1860—it will again be visible.—*N. E. Farmer.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THOU WILT COME NO MORE.

BY EUNICE EDSON.

No, no, thou wilt never come again;
Thine eyes so soft and clear,
That shone like violets after rain,
Will ne'er like violets ope again,
Though other springs are here.

And we must miss thee everywhere;
Where'er our feet may tread,
A voice will come upon the air,
And speak of one once pure and fair,
Who now sleeps with the dead.

The moonlight through the clustering vines
Comes dancing on the floor;
The whip-poor-will with mournful song,
Makes music all the evening long
Beside our cottage door.

But thou, who, in our quiet home,
Once sat at close of day,
And watched the moon's pale, flickering light—
Whose soft voice mocked the bird of night—
Hast passed from earth away—

And we shall see thy face no more;
Seasons will onward flee—
The spring, with soft and genial breath,
Will wake the flowers from transient death;
Would it might waken thee.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

JACK BRADLEY'S ADVENTURE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

At the time of the great fair, or "exposition," or whatever it may be called, at Paris, I happened to be mate of a packet ship sailing between New York and Havre. Being at the latter city when the excitement in consequence of the novel show was at the highest pitch, and constantly hearing people of all nations and kindred and tongues chanting its praises, I felt a very natural curiosity to behold the thing with mine own eyes, and judge whether Froggy's crystal palace and contents could compare with the similar plaything but a short time before constructed by their cousin Bull across the Channel. Accordingly, obtaining a week's leave of absence from the ship, I joined the immense concourse of pilgrims that thronged every road leading to the capital, and in due course of time found myself in the great city.

Never having been at Paris before, I felt quite as much curiosity to become personally acquainted with the city itself, its palaces and its places of historical interest, as I did to view the more useful but less romantic products of the world's industry. So having satisfied my patriotism by going into ecstacies at sight of a bewitching Yankee reaper, and having fallen down and worshipped a most lovely and coquettish threshing machine, I determined to devote the rest of my time to walking about town and seeing the sights therein.

In pursuance of this plan, it chanced toward the close of a delightful afternoon, that I was sauntering carelessly along the Boulevards, without any definite object in view, except the general one of seeing all I could, and thereby getting as much as possible for my time and money; and there was plenty to be seen, you may be sure, on that gay and intensely French thoroughfare, with its throngs of well and ill dressed people, chattering, laughing and gesticulating as they sat upon the benches beneath the trees, or like myself lounged about the pleasant walks, with here and there a squad of soldiers off duty, a bevy of grisettes, lovers in pairs innumerable, bearded and turbaned Turks, pig-tailed Chinamen, English, Irish, Scotch, and French, mingled in Babel like confusion, while in and out among the moving crowd glided the stout and watchful sergeants de ville with their swords and cocked hats, apparently seeing nothing, yet in reality observing everything, and ready on the instant to pounce upon any self confident individual who might delude himself with the belief that he could with impunity fracture any of the laws of the empire.

Pacing slowly along until arriving at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, I stopped to gaze upon the endless stream of gay equipages that crowded the broad avenue. Every description of "drag" was there, from the unpretending hackney coach, to the gorgeous turn-out of a prince.

"Ah, that is all very pretty, and very nice, no doubt!" thought I to myself, with a little bit of a feeling of envy, as I gaped at the magnificent carriages and their no less magnificent occupants, the coachmen and footmen in livery; the silver-mounted harness, and the coat of arms upon the panels. "There you go, seated upon velvet cushions, with slap-up quadrupeds to cart you about; half a dozen flunkies to do your chores, and see that you don't fall overboard; no end of a fortune at your command, and probably a staggering title at the top of the heap; while here stand I, who, in my own opinion at least, am as good as the best of you, nothing but a poor, continually-to-be-sneezed-at Jack Nastyface. Well, well," I muttered, continuing my soliloquy, and endeavoring to call in the aid of philosophy, "there are compensations in life and nature. Now among all these fellows who are rolling in wealth, and bursting with greatness, there is not one in a hundred, no, not one in five thousand, and I'll bet my head against a sea cake that I'm right, who can reeve a Spanish burton, or even set a topmast studding-sail properly in any sort of a decent breeze. No, they do not have every blessing; while wealth and station are given them, knowledge and ability are given to chaps about my size;" and pleasing myself with such like consoling thoughts, I turned to retrace my steps, when I heard some one call my name.

"Joe! Joe Grummet," said a voice, which I fancied sounded rather familiar; but having stared about me a minute or so without seeing any one to father the voice, I concluded I must have fancied it altogether, and was upon the point of continuing my walk with that conviction, when a flashy carriage drew up by the side of the walk, and a gentleman leaning half out of the window invited me by word and gesture to enter.

Now I have always felt it as much my duty to respond to an advantageous "call" as if I were a parson; so returning the polite bow of the footman who opened the carriage door, I hopped in and seating myself comfortably, took a good look at the gentleman to ascertain what manner of man he might be, and having looked, was struck flat aback by the discovery that it was no other than my old shipmate Jack Bradley.

"Well, Joe, are you sleepy?" he asked, with a smile, as I sat gazing stupidly at him.

"No, not exactly sleepy," I replied, "but I may possibly be dreaming, and to make sure, I'd like to have you tell me whether this is really you, or somebody else? Take time to consider, I don't want you to answer unadvisedly."

"Upon mature consideration I am inclined to believe that you are correct in your conjecture that it is me and nobody else."

"That point being settled, where did you come from? how did you get here? whose cart is this, and what business have you and I in it?"

"To tell you where I came from, and how I came here, would be a long story, Joe; as for the rest, the cart, as you call it, belongs to me, bought and paid for, and you and I are taking a sail in it because we choose so to do."

"And the fat booby forward holding the tiller ropes, and the two lubbers behind with the plush breeches and gold lace, I suppose you've bought and paid for them too?"

"Yes, they, too, belong to me, body and clothes," he returned, with an air of satisfaction.

"Well, it's none of my business, Jack, how you came by so much flashy trumpery, so I wont ask the question; however, if you insist upon telling me, why, I'll try to listen."

Jack grinned, and telling the coachman to drive slowly, he began his story; but before we let him proceed, it may be as well to give the reader some insight into his early history, and the reason of my astonishment at finding him when and where I did.

At the commencement of my acquaintance with Jack Bradley, he was a brilliant and somewhat fast student at one of the most popular colleges of New England. An orphan, his pocket was kept in countenance by a wealthy relation, whose heir he had every reason to suppose he would be; but before his studies were half completed, the old gentleman saw fit to leave this world, which would have been all right enough, had he left a will too; but as he didn't, other heirs put forward their claims, and Jack was stripped of everything but his clothes and his debts, of which they could not find it in their hearts to deprive him. Soon after this unpleasant event, happening to run afoul of Jack in Boston, he gave me the history of his misfortunes, and asked my advice as to the easiest way for a young fellow who didn't know how to do anything, to obtain a livelihood and something more. Sailor-like, I advised him to make a virtue of necessity, come the patriotic and serve his country in a government ship. The idea struck him favorably, and before night we had him all rigged out in a blue shirt and a jacket of a thousand buttons. Having known each other on shore, we were naturally a good deal together on board the ship, I acting the part of a dry nurse towards him, showing him the ropes, putting him up to the moves, and teaching him what little of seamanship he ever knew. He was a lively, active, go-ahead chap, whom everybody liked, and I had no reason to suppose that he disliked the service or ever regretted having entered it.

In the course of the cruise we stopped at Marseilles, and our mess getting shore leave, we started for a night's drift through the city. Here, Jack somehow strayed away from the party, and though he was hunted after diligently, nothing was heard of him for some time and he was given up as a deserter, when, after the lapse of a week or ten days, he, to the surprise of every one, returned voluntarily to the ship, and with his clothes dreadfully soiled and nearly worn out, and himself apparently half starved. He would give no account of where he had been, or what he had been doing, but continued silent and thoughtful, saying little even to me.

Continuing our cruise, we passed up the Mediterranean, and it was several months before we again dropped our mud hooks at Marseilles; but no sooner did the opportunity offer than Jack was off again, and from that time I neither saw nor heard anything of him until we met so unexpectedly on the Boulevards of Paris, after an interval of half a dozen years. We will now let Jack go on with his story.

"You remember, Joe, the night of our arrival at Marseilles, that we went cruising about the town from one place to another until you might look two ways for the shortest cut to daylight."

"Which means, that we were out till midnight."

"Precisely, but you needn't put yourself to the trouble of interrupting me. Well, that species of amusement not being quite so much to my taste as it probably was to you old salts, I took the first opportunity to slip away unobserved, to have a quiet stroll by myself. Having pranced about the city an hour or so, it occurred to me that having for such a length of time slept only in a hammock, it would be a good idea to try how an old-fashioned bed would feel. So backing my maintopsail at the first public house I asked for a room, was shown one, peeled and went to bed; but going to bed was my share of a night's rest; sleep was out of the question. The noise of carriages in the street, and people moving about the house disturbed me, and when this gradually subsided, a most unlovely cur in the yard felt it his duty to set up a prolonged howl in a melancholy minor key, which elicited corresponding yelps from all the ill-conditioned pups in the neighborhood. This performance concluded, an unearthly screeching arose from the roofs of the outbuildings. Cat calling unto cat, and Tommy answering through night's misty shroud, back to the noisy whelps that called to him aloud, as Byron didn't say. There is nothing makes me more nervous than to lay in bed without the ability to sleep; and wild with anger I sprang from the bed, dove into my clothes, and out of the house with marvellous celerity. It was a warm starlight night, and being wholly indifferent as to the direction or extent of my ramble, I left the city behind me and walked slowly along the great road leading to Toulon. A walk of several miles brought me to a portion of the road, bordered on either side by large trees, rising from among the straggling undergrowth that covered the fields. Being somewhat fatigued I threw myself upon the grass, in a small clear space among the bushes, and almost immediately fell into a doze. Many minutes could not have elapsed ere I was aroused by the sound of voices near me. Cautiously and silently making an opening through the bushes, I obtained a distant view of the speakers. Four strong and muscular men, evidently belonging to the worst class of the lower orders of the Parisian population, were standing in the shadow of a tree talking in low and earnest tones.

"'I tell you the carriage will pass here in less than five minutes,' said one of the men, in reply to an expression of doubt from his companions.

"'Well then, since you are so sure of it, what do you propose to do, slit the old fellow's windpipe?' asked another of the group.

"'No, no, nothing of that kind,' responded the first speaker; 'we must try the other dodge. There was rather too much trouble about that last job, to make me anxious to do any more knife work at present. But look sharp, he's coming now, as I told you.'

"A distant rumbling of wheels betokened the approach of a carriage, and my respectable neighbors, each drawing a pistol from his pocket, awaited its coming.

"'Well, Jack Bradley,' said I to myself, 'here's a fine opening for a young man to distinguish himself as an amateur policeman.' But a moment's reflection convincing me that a discovery of my vicinity would in all probability result in an opening *of* a young man desirous of distinguishing himself as an amateur policeman by the thievishly inclined gentlemen before mentioned, I wisely kept quiet as possible.

The carriage, driven at a rapid rate, soon came abreast of my hiding place, when our friends made a simultaneous dash at the horses' heads, and with some little difficulty succeeded in stopping them. They were evidently experienced hands at the business, for in an incredibly short space of time they had the driver and the occupant of the carriage securely bound, their pockets rifled, and themselves tumbled together in a heap in the bottom of the vehicle. Then removing a small trunk or box, they turned the carriage in an opposite direction from whence it came, and hitting the horses several smart cuts with the whip, started them off at a deuce of a pace.

"Now your story book, or theatrical sailor, upon finding himself similarly situated, would forthwith, and without a moment's hesitation, have sprung all unarmed as he was, into the midst of the four rascals, and with herculean strength laid about him with such good effect as in a few minutes to have seven of the eight villains stretched upon the ground, when a desperate combat would ensue between him and the leader of the sixteen discomfited desperadoes, who would of course turn out to be the renegade Count of [illegible], which discovery would raise the very old scratch with the sailor, and cause him to pitch in at such a rate as in less than two hours to completely vanquish the rascally count and spread him out by the side of the inanimate bodies of his thirty-two companions in crime, when the sailor, himself desperately wounded, would stagger a few steps, stop, drop the weapon from his hand, stagger a few more steps, stretch out his hands before him, gaze fixedly into the air, and murmuring in an awe-struck voice, 'Spirit of the wronged and sainted Adeliza, thou art avenged!' would fall smack upon the stiffening corpses of his sixty-four foemen and give up the ghost in a most charming and romantic manner, to two bars of slow music.

"This," continued Jack, "would have been the proper course for a hero to pursue; but being no hero and nothing but a very ordinary Yankee sailor, I contented myself with snapping off a severe cud of tobacco, and waiting to see what would turn up next."

"Having listened to the sound of the carriage wheels till it died away in the distance, our robbers shouldered the box, with the contents of which they seemed to be pretty well acquainted, and passing my place of concealment so close as to give me a decidedly queerish feeling, kept on through the underbrush, whither I immediately followed, keeping at a *safe* distance you may be sure, being guided rather by the sound of their footsteps and the rustling of the bushes than by sight. In this way I tracked them for a distance of at least a mile, when they halted, and I came within an ace of betraying himself by not becoming aware of the fact until I was almost upon them. They did not perceive me, however; so creeping stealthily along, I was enabled to secrete myself in a clump of bushes but a few feet from them, where I could observe all their motions and overhear all that was said. The spot where they stopped was a small, clear space of perhaps twenty square yards, among the bushes, covered with dried grass and leaves, and presenting no appearance of having been disturbed by man for years; but a few minutes of hurried labor on their part disclosed the fact that it was the locality of a *cache*, or place for burying their ill-gotten treasures. The dried leaves being carefully removed and a large flat stone raised from its place, the fellow who appeared to be the master spirit of the gang, proceeded to pick the lock of the lately stolen trunk.

"'Now then, boys,' said he, when this was accomplished, 'shell out whatever you took from the old cove; we want nothing about our persons to identify us with this night's job, and the stuff will be all the better for being salted down for a few months'

"The fellows hereupon emptied their pockets of a variety of jewelry, which the leader deposited in the box, and taking from among a considerable number of similar ones a rouleau of gold coin, he distributed it among them. The box was now placed within the cavity in the earth, the stone replaced, and the dried leaves scattered over the spot so as to obliterate any trace of the surface having been disturbed.

"All being arranged to their satisfaction, they proceeded to take themselves off, but instead of retreating by the way they came, they advanced directly toward my hiding place. Now if I was merely spinning a yarn for amusement, I should probably say that, petrified by a sense of danger, I remained *rooted* to the ground. But such was not the case. Dropping upon all fours I *rooted* my way among the bushes in a decidedly hoggish manner, and with much celerity as that style of locomotion would admit. The robbers kept close to my trail for some minutes, and I must have squirmed along several hundred yards before they finally passed me and I felt it prudent to resume my position in society as an upright man; and having done so, I was at no little loss to decide what steps to pursue next. In this dilemma I very naturally continued to take steps straight ahead until I reached the road, where I stopped to deliberate. My first impulse was to hunt you up, and get your advice upon the matter; and as first impressions, they say, go a good way, my first impression of what was proper went as far as Marseilles, and took me along with it.

"Day was breaking when I reached the city, and as I spanked along the street toward the villanous locality in which you delighted to pass your time, my attention was attracted toward a crowd of persons where there appeared to be a scuffle going on. Thinking there might be a free fight, and having no objections to taking the kinks out of my arms by indulging in a few rounds, I mixed with the crowd.

"'What's up?' I inquired of a seedy individual near me; whereupon he proceeded with all the loquacity of a Frenchman, to inform me as to the particulars of the robbery to which I had been a witness, and furthermore that the occupants of the carriage having found means to release themselves from the confinement in which the robbers placed them, had forthwith returned and given the alarm; that the police had turned out in force, guarding every avenue to the city, and had just succeeded in arresting four men whom the coachman identified as the thieves, although none of the stolen property had been found upon them.

"I was just upon the point of betraying my knowledge of the affair, when one of your oft-repeated lessons to me, how to keep out of difficulty on board ship occurred to me, to wit, that profound ignorance was profound safety, and that if I would keep myself clear of a great deal of other people's trouble which would become my own by interference, and no thanks for it either, I must be a fool upon all occasions, and not be induced to know anything at any price. "'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' thinks I to myself, and if Joe Grummet's advice is good at sea, it must be particularly bunkum in Marseilles; so, extricating myself from the crowd, I crowded sail for the place where I had seen you the night before, but to my disappointment I found that you with the rest of the boys had already gone on board the ship. I had little inclination to do likewise, for I could not help thinking of that celebrated 'tide in the affairs of men,' and fancying the *cache* among the bushes to be, if not high water mark itself, at all events, pretty near it.

"Accordingly, fortifying myself with three or four breakfasts—for I was hungry as a Roman Catholic shark in the middle of Lent, I stowed away a cubic foot of cold ham, with bread in proportion in my pockets, and started back to the scene of my last night's adventure. I made no doubt of being able to go straight to the spot; but in this I was disappointed. It had been too dark on my first visit to enable me to distinguish any prominent objects, and as I had left in such a hurry, I had not thought to make any marks by which to be guided. The clear space among the bushes I found to be by no means unique, there being many thousand similar spots scattered for miles over the fields, and in every particular as like two thieves to the real place.

"All that day I hunted, and passed the night beneath the trees. The next and the next day's search was equally fruitless, while in the mean time, my scanty supply of money was rapidly absorbed by the commissariat department; so that at the close of the tenth day's search I found myself half starved, out of money, grub and patience. There was nothing for it but to return to the ship, which I did, sulky as a bear, as you remember. It didn't strike me that there was any necessity of taking a speaking trumpet and announcing my adventure to all the world, so I kept my own counsel, and whatever stray articles of value I could lay my hands on, to enable me to fly my kite for another search at some future period.

"The months that elapsed ere we again touched at Marseilles, were the longest I ever passed; it seemed to me like so many years. I could neither think nor dream of anything else beside Monte Christo and his countless millions, and imagine myself in a like predicament. At length, to my inexpressible joy, we received orders to up stick for the haven where I would be. My shore liberty was of course stopped on account of my previous desertion, but a few shillings to the marine on guard on the forecastle, rendered the unfortunate man perfectly blind, so that I found no difficulty in slipping over the bow and swimming to the shore, the very first night of our arrival.

"Once more on good dry land, I felt worth a dozen sailors, and forthwith directed my steps toward the haunts of the web-footed, where the information I desired could most readily be obtained.

"Upon inquiry I learned that the four robbers had been sent to the hulks, every man of them—but that none of the stolen property had been recovered, notwithstanding extraordinary inducements had been held out to the prisoners to disclose where it might be found, not so much for the amount of money lost, as for very important papers which the box contained; but the scamps refused to divulge with a pertinacity for which people found it difficult to account, but which I very well understood, as upon the memorable night of the robbery, I had seen that their *cache* contained very much more than that one box, the discovery of which would have probably consigned them to the gallows.

"I also learned that the person who had been robbed—an old gentleman—had received such a shock from fright, that for several weeks he continued in an almost insensible condition, when he died, leaving a large estate with two claimants. One, a Mademoiselle Marie Le Marle, a young girl whom he had publicly acknowledged as his heir, and the other a roystering young fellow, a sort of nephew of two removes, who would in all probability obtain the estate in the absence of the old gentleman's will, which was supposed to have been in the stolen box.

"This was quite as much as I cared to know; so quitting the city as speedily as possible, to avoid falling in with any of our ship's company, I renewed my search for the artificial gold mine. For several days my search was wholly unsuccessful, but at length, when almost ready to give it up in despair, I stumbled upon the place by the merest accident. I cannot give you the particulars of how I felt and what I did upon the occasion, for I don't know myself, I was in such a state of excitement. I only know that upon disinterring the precious remains I found in various packages—evidently the spoils of many robberies—gold coin to the amount of several thousand dollars. Transferring a moderate sufficiency to my pockets, I returned the rest to its hiding place and fell to work examining the papers, of which there were quite a number. Almost the first one I opened proved to be a will signed by a Monsieur Le Marle in favor of Mademoiselle Marie; the rest were title deeds of one thing and another, the examination of which I put off to a more convenient season. Pocketing the papers, I returned to the city, invested a portion of my capital in a suit of exquisite Parisian garments, visited a barber, and had myself beautified, and the ground plan of a pair of moustaches staked out under my nose, and set out to hunt up Mademoiselle Marie Le Marle.

"In this I did not experience much difficulty, for her youth, her beauty, and her misfortunes made her pretty well known; but in going to her residence I had a narrow escape from being captured by a party of our ship's officers that I met on the street, who knew me despite my change of dress, and from whom I escaped only after a long chase. Mademoiselle Marie I found to be an uncommonly smooth-looking little lady, with whom almost any young chap would find it extremely difficult to avoid falling in love right off. I stated my business at once. She was first surprised, then pleased, then overjoyed, and then she cried into a handkerchief for half an hour.

"Upon my inquiring what steps she intended to pursue in regard to the will, and other papers, she said she didn't know, that the lawyer her uncle had always employed had been retained by the other claimant to the estate, that none of her relations had offered their assistance since it became probable the will would not be found, and, in short, that she didn't know who to apply to.

"I offered to devote myself to her service until her business was arranged. The offer was joyfully accepted. The fact of my returning her the papers at all, she said, was sufficient guarantee of my honesty of purpose. I informed her that, to accomplish the business, it would be necessary for her to accompany me to Paris. She hesitated, and finally agreed to go if Fidele—a terrible old fright—could go with her. I consented, of course. We went to Paris, we went together, we were a good deal together for three months, after our arrival in Paris, at the end of which period she was put in undisputed possession of a mighty nice little property. All I had promised to do having been accomplished, I called upon Marie one evening to take my leave of her. She was in a very lively mood. I told her I was about to leave Paris, at which announcement she began attentively examining the pattern of her apron. I further informed her that I expected to leave the next morning; she became absorbed in the contemplation of the toes of her boots, I took her hand and said good-by; she—

"Halloa, here we are at home," said Jack, as the carriage drew up at the door of an aristocratic-looking house. "As you are going to stop here with me during the remainder of your stay in Paris, I shall let my wife tell you the rest of the story."

* * *

ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.

I must not fail to relate, for the amusement of your fair readers, a little story which, although very simple in itself, affords matter to laugh at. In one of the windows in an apartment situated on the much crowded and fashionable walking place called *le Boulevard des Italiens*, a most wicked parrot hides himself behind some curtains, haranguing all the passers-by. This bird is in the habit of calling out the whole day long the name of "Edward, Edward," in quick succession. Thousands of persons are passing the spot at every moment of the day, and up to a late hour in the evening, and as it so happens that amongst a hundred passers by, some ten bear the name of Edward, all the Edwards walking past the spot look suddenly up to the house, exclaiming "*hein?*" It suffices that one single person looks in a surprised manner up to some particular point to create an assembly of inquisitive persons. The parrot again calls out "Edward, Edward;" meanwhile a dozen new Edwards have arrived at the spot, where they find themselves called by their name, and the crowd bursts out in a great laughter at the expense of the teased Edwards. I have never known a humorist of greater imperturbability than this parrot is. Not all the parrots are humorists, but many a humorist is nothing else than such an involuntary comical parrot.—*Paris Correspondence.*

* * *

LOCO FOCO MATCHES.

These useful household conveniences were first introduced to the public in 1836. An exchange, speaking of the match trade, says: A. O. Phillips, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was the first person who took out a patent for their manufacture. The composition is a preparation of chalk, phosphorus and glue, and is made as follows:—An ounce of glue is dissolved in warm water; to this is added four ounces of fine pulverized chalk, and stirred until it forms into thick paste. One ounce of phosphorus is then added, and the whole are well incorporated together. Into this the ends of the matches—which have been previously coated with sulphur and dried—are dipped, and then laid in rows on slips of paper, cut wide enough to lap over the ends of the matches. One of the largest Loco Foco match factories in this country is located in Troy. It makes about $1000 worth a week.—*Albany Atlas.*

THE
FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

A GREAT WATERING-PLACE.

When Moliere's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" found out that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, he was perfectly astounded at the discovery. And so were our citizens when the Daily Advertiser informed them that Boston was "one of the pleasantest watering-places on the New England shore." They had never thought of it. It was throwing a new light on an old subject. Here had they been rushing madly away from the city to Newport, to Nantasket, to Nahant, to Phillips Beach, at a greater or less expense, in search of the invigorating element that almost washed their own doorsteps. They were like an old man rushing about in search of the spectacles that are quietly resting on his own nose. Yes, Boston is a watering-place—that is a fixed fact, discovered and put on record by Governor Winthrop a couple of centuries ago. It is the wind coming over miles of ocean that braces our frames so vigorously at the close of a summer's day, as we stroll along the shady mall; and the soft, cool mist that sometimes hovers over the house-tops is a sea fog—a fog with a right salt savor, fresh from the deep bay.

A regular professional watering-place, to which people exile themselves in obedience to the dictates of fashion, is a melancholy sort of quarantine. From one you may know them all—*ex uno disce omnes.* The charms of a fashionable watering-place consist in a great quantity of sand, a large number of fish-flakes, masses of decayed and decaying clams, pollock, herring and crabs, with plenty of kelp, mud and sharp shells in front of a number of shabby bathing-houses. Rocks and deep water pre-suppose sharks. Adventurous oarsmen can always be supplied with leaky dories. There is always a fabulous fishing ground, where impossible amounts of fish have been taken, but where nobody by any possibility catches any fish.

Observe that there is always an endless supply of whatever fish you are particularly fond of killing—and you always receive an affirmative answer, whether you inquire if there are any bass, black-fish, mackerel, cod, haddock or halibut. In the internal economy of the public house, the architect always aims at solving the problem of the greatest divisibility of space—or, rather, he divides his hotel, no matter how small, by the greatest number of visitors ever known to come to any one watering-place at one time; of course, the accommodations of each individual are boundless. After a few days' experience in search of comfort, you become convinced that white sand, smooth water and level granite shingle possess a singular aptitude for reflecting the sun's rays. You look in the glass and find your complexion to resemble that of a boiled lobster; but as all the faces that surround you are of the same brilliant tint, you conclude that it is all right—especially on learning that no extra charge is made for heightened color. An agreeable mode of killing time at these watering-places, is rolling in an uneven alley, or trying to ring the bell in a pistol gallery.

Now Boston is a watering-place on a grand scale. There are bathing establishments where you can go into the water without fear of cutting your feet with sea shells, getting entangled in eel-grass, or being affectionately nibbled by a stray shark. There are pistol galleries and ten-pin alleys, gymnasia, and sailing craft of all sizes; and added thereto libraries, fixtures, a society and luxuries hard to beat anywhere. Only learn to consider the modern Athens as a watering-place, and you'll be astounded at the extent of its attractions.

◆

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

In our next number we shall commence a novelette from that favorite writer, DR. J. H. ROBINSON, author of "The Silver Knife," and other frontier stories. It will be entitled:

NEVER FAIL,
—OR,—
THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.
A TALE OF KENTUCKY.

Let no one forget to procure the first number of the new story which has all the charms and romance of frontier life.

◆

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—A bull-fighter was lately gored to death by an infuriated bull at Beaucaire. He attacked the animal in the ring with a triple spear, and the bull killed him in self-defence—a clear case of justifiable homicide. Cruelty to animals sometimes carries its punishment along with it.

◆

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—When will people learn that in writing for the press only one side of the paper should be used, and that the article should be legible, and properly spelt and punctuated?

◆

A SAVORY DISH.—The sportsmen of Lyons, France, lately feasted on a dead horse, and pronounced it as good as venison. They had probably been eating horse beef at the restaurants all their lives.

◆

ALL HAIL!—When hail stones as "large as the largest Baldwin apples," come down, as they did lately up in New Hampshire, it is about time to "stand from under."

◆

ITALY.—The Italians are stirring in earnest. King Bomba, of Naples, thinks a little about resigning, if his people are troublesome.

DEAR FUEL.

The fuel question becomes an engrossing topic to thousands as the cold weather approaches. Is coal going to be any lower or higher? is an interrogatory that everywhere meets your ear. And this reminds us of how dearly a certain family in this State once paid for a portion of their winter's supply. They were people pretty well to-do in the world, but afflicted with a certain moral and mental obliquity which prevented their discriminating between other people's property and their own. A mysterious circumstance attending their domestic economy was, that though they always kept rousing fires, they had no wood pile. An old relative of ours had a suspicion that this apparent paradox might be explained by their proximity to his accumulated cords of hickory, oak and buttonwood. With a view to the solution of the mystery, he bored a certain log, loaded it with about six ounces of powder, and plugged up the aperture neatly. The next morning the log had vanished. The next noon, as his neighbor's family were ravenously awaiting the browning of a turkey, which was "going round doing good" in a huge tin kitchen, a terrific explosion occurred—the tin kitchen was shattered to pieces, and the defunct gobbler blown into a thousand fragments. The explosion was heard far and wide, and was the theme of village gossip for weeks.

Our worthy relative missed no more wood; but he wasn't quite satisfied. One day when a tin pedler came to vend his wares, he sent the man over to his opposite neighbors, telling him he knew they wanted a tin kitchen. Away posted the pedler, and was soon ushered into the presence of the predatory master of the house.

"Anything in my line to-day?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Come now—can't you think of something you want. I sell mighty cheap."

"Go 'long! we don't want nothing, I tell you."

"Think agin," said the pedler, innocently. "Don't you want a nice, new tin kitchen?"

"No!" thundered the victim.

"But the Squire said you did," insisted the pedler. "And I've got an article in my cart *warranted to stand fire!*"

The way a bootjack flew across the room, and the way the pedler dodged the missile as he rushed out of the house, must be left to the imagination. All the way to the village he drove in dire perplexity, nor was his mind at ease until the landlord of the "Spread Eagle" kindly explained to him the "*Rushin'* war on *Turkey*," made by the explosion of the stolen back-log—and then his wonder ceased.

◆

JUSTICE IN THE EAST.

We read a great deal about the manner in which justice is administered in the East, and more than one cadi has been held up to the admiration of the West as a perfect Solomon. But the fact is, justice is only accidentally administered under the sway of the crescent. Such cases as are tried in our police courts, or even grave offences, come before a cadi, who decides them with as clear a head as the fumes of tobacco and opium leave him after a muddled sleep. There is no code of law to govern the magistrate, and he decides according to the preponderance of witnesses on one side or the other. Now witnesses are easily obtained in the East, the Turks, particularly, having a fatal proclivity to perjury. Thus the party who has the longest purse is always sure to carry the day. When a murder has been committed, and the real criminal cannot be readily detected, Turkish justice seizes on the person found lurking nearest to the fatal scene, and he is executed. This is perfectly satisfactory to the people, who stroke their beards and exclaim, "Allah il Allah!"

◆

CAUSE OF FIRES.—The investigations made by the Fire Marshal of New York have brought out some singular facts in relation to the origin of fires. One fire originated from a man having put his pipe in his pocket, after smoking, and hung his coat up. The tobacco in the pipe was not extinguished and set fire to the coat which set fire to the premises. In another case of conflagration, a young lady, on leaving her room left a lighted lamp upon a washstand. In closing the door, some clothes which hung against it were swayed against the lamp and took fire.

◆

A NOBLE ANSWER.—When the late Commodore Abbot was about being placed in a post of danger by Commodore McDonough, the latter asked him, "Are you willing to die for your country?" "Certainly, sir," was the prompt reply of the youthful hero; "for that I entered the service, if need be." It was a reply worthy of the heroic days of Greece and Rome.

◆

BEAUTY.—There is no disputing about tastes. The Spaniards like red hair; the Asiatics dyed eyelids, teeth and nails; the Moors, fat women; and the South Sea Islanders, belles with heavy rings in their noses. That's the way they ring the belles in the Pacific.

◆

AERIAL.—They have a balloon in Paris capable of carrying up twenty-three men. It was destined for the siege of Sebastopol. It is the property of a M. Rousiot, who intends to accomplish great things with it.

◆

PERHAPS.—The eldest daughter of Count Rossi is said to be a perfect image of her lamented mother. She is Henrietta Sontag at eighteen. Ah! if she only has her voice.

◆

A NEW PEST.—Elegant yellow caterpillars are devouring the foliage in this city and its environs. Tree planters will be glad when they *take their leaves.*

◆

MATRIMONY AND BOXING.—In love, black eyes lead to rings; in pugilism, rings lead to black eyes.

◆

A QUESTION.—Where should a mad rider go to? To Mad-rid, of course.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Queen Victoria personally presented the medals to her gallant tars at Portsmouth.

If they get a bonus, the Quebec steamers will be able to run weekly to Liverpool, Eng.

It is contemplated to start a line of steamships from New York to Odessa.

The Croton Aqueduct Department will not furnish water for flooding New York gutters.

Lord Ellesmere has presented the English nation with the Chandos picture of Shakspeare.

Musical steamboat whistles are now all the rage. Horrid things!

Floating wharves, it is said, are coming into favor in Great Britain.

The rapid passages of the Cunard screw propellers are exciting great attention.

The removal of Quarantine from Staten Island, N. Y., is an agitated question.

The London bankers say the adoption of the decimal system is undesirable.

A new penny paper in England is to be edited by a real live lord!

The Grand Trunk Railway will be opened from Brookville to Kingston this month.

A golden wedding, a 50th marriage anniversary, was lately celebrated in Bridgewater.

A woman died lately in Tallahassee of "laudanum, chloroform and liquor."

The "Pacific," a religious journal of San Francisco, approves of the Vigilance Committee.

The "season" is over at all the watering-places north and south.

Waiting for dead men's shoes is often a bootless affair.

There have been 25 Congressional challenges to fight duels since the 1st Congress.

Bad words, like bad shillings, often come home to the utterer.

Punch says there is no adhesive libel like a nickname. A true bill.

It is said that a machine has been invented to milk cows.

The present Turkish Capudan Pacha has sent to New York for a naval architect.

Newark, New Jersey, contains fifty-eight distinct church organizations.

◆

THE ART OF PRINTING.

The author of that very clever book, "Salad for the Social," has collected together some interesting items touching "Book Craft," and the "Black Art," as printing has been irreverently termed. He speaks in fitting terms of Franklin, the printer, author and statesman, who was technically described by one of the fraternity, "the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all, and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life is without a ¶," which translated for the benefit of the uninitiated means, "the star of his profession, the type of honesty, the admiration of all, and though the hand of death has put a period to his existence, every section of his life is without a parallel." Types have been likened to

> "A thousand lamps at one lone altar lighted,
> Turning the night of error into day."

Type-setting in early time was not remarkable for its exactness and accuracy. In the year 1561 a book was printed, called the "Anatomy of the Mass." It had only 172 pages in it; but the author—a pious monk—was obliged to add fifteen pages to correct the blunders. These he attributed to the special instigation of the devil, to defeat the work; and hence may have come the use of the title, "Printer's Devil." A printer's wife in Germany lost her life by feloniously meddling with "lord," in Genesis 3: 16, where Eve is made subject to her husband, and made the verse read, "he shall be thy fool," instead of "he shall be thy lord." It is said that she was put to death for her wickedness. It is well known that printers of an early edition of the Scriptures were so heavily fined as to be utterly ruined, for leaving out the word "not" from one of the Ten Commandments. There is an edition of the Bible, called the "Vinegar Bible," from the parable of the "Vineyard" being printed "vinegar." Other equally notorious instances of errata in editions of the Vulgate, which provoked the anathemas of the Vatican, are on record. In one case there were six thousand errors, and after a *revision*, nearly as many more were detected on a subsequent inspection. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to produce a book faultless, but the art, at the present day at least, approximates very closely to perfection.

◆

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.—This young woman fences, shoots, and drives like Jehu. Sometimes, to his great horror, she invites her husband out to ride with her, she driving a pair of Andalusians at breakneck speed. We are sorry to add that this crowned Lola Montez is getting very fat, and waddles like a duck immediately after a thunder-storm. In name, only, she Is-*a-belle*.

◆

THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE TRADE.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of this trade by the Porte, and the presence of British ships, it is carried on with vigor. So much greater is the supply than the demand that you can now buy a handsome Circassian girl for $25, while formerly the very same style of girl was worth from $1500 to $2000.

◆

GARIBALDI.—This true hero is now at Voltaggio for the benefit of his health. He has strong hopes of the speedy deliverance of Italy from foreign thrall. When that hour comes he will stand in the front rank of the combatants.

◆

PHOTOGRAPHY.—An Englishman, named Thompson, recently took a very good photograph of the rocks and weeds at the bottom of Weymouth Bay, in England. Is the submarine telegraph to be aided by this sort of exploration?

◆

THE BIBLE.—Robert Hall asked, "What other book besides the Bible could be heard in public assemblies, year by year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never clogs?"

◆

A GREAT HORSE.—The New York Herald advertises a horse for sale, "perfectly gentle, and as easy as a chair; has been used as such."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A Tale of 1812. A highly interesting story of events during our last war with Great Britain. By MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Apology to my Brother, on my apathetic reception of his commission in the Navy," verses, by BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

"The Footfall on the Stairs," an old time history, by RICHARD CRANSHAW.

"Gemma de Lyra," lines, by J. QUINCY ADAMS.

"Bantam Stream," a poem, by H. WARD.

"Too much Haste to be Rich," a tale, by EMMA CARRA.

"Mary, my Sister," a story, by WM. B. OLIVER.

"A Phantasy," in verse, by GAY HUMBOLDT.

"The Canadian Fugitive," a story, by MARY A. LOWELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine view of Hoboken, New York.

Interior representation of the Church of St. Catherine, in Palestine.

View of the City of Montreal, Canada.

Portrait of Smith O'Brien, the Irish Patriot.

A series of views in St. Louis, Missouri, giving a picture of the Court House; view of the High School; the Mercantile Library; the Medical Department of the University of Missouri; Biddle Market, and M'Dowell's College.

Portrait of Hon. Paleg W. Chandler.

Representation of a Cape of Good Hope Wagon.

Hungarian Sketches, representing a Wagon Halt near Presburg, Hungary, and a Convoy of Wine, etc., at Platten Lake, in Hungary.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

◆

Foreign Items.

Letters say that the relations between Austria and Russia are becoming friendly.

Shakspeare's house is to have restored to it the old "Swan" building, in its original state.

The rumor recently circulated that the king of the Belgians would abdicate, is contradicted by himself.

The Sultan of Turkey, at the instance of Lord de Redcliffe, has granted lots of land sufficient for the proposed Anglican church, with parsonage and schools.

The height of that sacred spot, Mount Zion, is two thousand five hundred and thirty five feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about three hundred feet above the valley below.

At the Crystal Palace in London, when the fountains are in operation, they have 11,788 jets playing, and the quantity of water displayed simultaneously in them is about 120,000 gallons per minute.

Intelligence from St. Petersburgh says that the waters of the Wolga were higher than they had ever been in the memory of man. At Saratoff, more than five hundred houses were inundated.

In London, out of a population of two and a half millions, only five hundred thousand attend church. In Liverpool, the proportion of attendants on public worship is about one third of the population. The case seems pretty much the same in all great cities.

Rev. David Davies, who is described as being one of the most eloquent of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist clergy in Wales, has separated from that body and united with the established church of England. The case has created a great sensation in religious circles.

Paper is now made in Belgium from refuse tanned leather. After the tanning is washed from the leather, about twenty per cent. of old hemp rope is mixed with the scraps, and the whole is cut up and reduced to a pulp, from which the paper is made.

◆

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct.

No cloud can overshadow the Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

People become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of others, drinks away his own.

Guilt upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

Beware how you address yourself in anger to any one. An angry word is like a letter put into the post—once dropped, it is impossible to recall it.

A relish is bestowed on the poorer classes, that they may like what they eat; while it is seldom enjoyed by the rich, because they may eat what they like.

Woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures.

Dickens, in his "Little Dorritt," tells us that a tender word "dropped like a heavy stone into the well of Clennam's heart, and splashed the water to his eyes!"

There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

The moral cement of all society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence there can be no unanimity.

◆

Joker's Budget.

Among the advertisements in a late London paper, we read that "Two sisters *want washing*."

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because he is sure to *run* when exposed to *fire*.

"I say, Tom, how is your wife?" "She aint no better, I thank *you*, doctor."

A shop in this city announces:—"Tonic Ale. For invalids by the dozen, in quart or pint bottles!" These invalids must be very small.

A cockney made his appearance in Sand Lake last week. He is an amateur sportsman. The last seen of him he was gunning after mud-turtle.

"I say, Bill, 'ave you seen Wotdycallum?" "Wot, do you mean Wots'isname?" "O, no, not 'im; that 'ere tother." "O, ah! I seed 'im fast enuff."

When you hear an old bachelor inveighing against the extravagance of women, infer that he has never calculated the hundreds of dollars he has spent for wine and cigars.

A doctor told his patient that he must give him an emetic. "It's no use," said the patient, "I have tried it twice before, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

Dr. Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

An English journal lately contained the following announcement:—"To be sold, one hundred and thirty-one lawsuits, the property of an advocate retiring from business. N. B.—The clients are rich and obstinate."

The King of Denmark is selling one of his colonies, a newspaper paragraph says, "for a mere song." We have made inquiries in the city, and have ascertained that the song alluded to is "I've no money."

Quill and Scissors.

A man in St. Louis recently beat his wife to death because she was in the habit of getting drunk and neglecting her household duties. He mourned the "necessity" of having to do this, and, says one of the editors of that city, with evident wonder and sympathy, "he did so with tears in his eyes, and seemed to be in great distress of mind."

The Rochester, N. Y. Union mentions an artificial granite, for building purposes, composed of sand and lime, which thorough chemical tests have proved indestructible. The cost of the article is said to be far less than bricks, and it can be laid more rapidly. It is molded in blocks five times the size of common bricks.

A case of family shame from gambling came out in Chicago, Illinois, recently. A $500 diamond breast-pin was found by the police in the hands of some low gamblers, and upon investigation it was discovered that it had been gambled away by the brother of the young lady who owned it.

A new carbine, on an improved principle, has been exhibited in Albany. It can be loaded with twenty-five balls in ten seconds. No caps, no priming, and no powder is required, except that which is contained in the ball. The ball is a patent loaded ball, on the Minnie principle, and is perfectly water-proof.

A bug, resembling the lightning bug, and about the same size, is committing serious depredations on the potato crop in Wilson county, Tenn. They get upon the vines by thousands, and strip them of vegetation from top to bottom.

The Louisville Courier says, a very remarkable cave has been discovered about seven miles south of Glasgow, Barren county, Ky. Human bones of enormous size, together with cooking vessels, etc., were found in one or more apartments.

The St. Louis Herald says that a slop-gatherer, who collects the slops from the hotels and private residences in that city, sold to a jeweller, a few days ago, $300 worth of silver spoons and other articles, which he had found from time to time in the slops.

At the laying of the corner stone at Centenary College, Baton Rogue, La., lately, a collection was taken for the benefit of the institution, and $23,000 was obtained on the spot, being within $3000 of the entire sum needed.

Miss Louisa Reeder, the author and actress, has been offered $1800 to give six readings, next October, in the new theatre at Wilmington, N. C.—the readings to form the inaugural entertainments. She must be a very GOOD Reeder to command such an offer.

A child only three years old fell backwards from an upper window of a house in Frankford, Pa., the other day, and was precipitated over thirty feet to the ground. And yet no bones were broken, and scarcely a bruise was to be seen!

The Cincinnati Price Current estimates the quantity of wheat gathered the present harvest at fully ten per cent. greater than has been gathered any previous year.

The New York Mirror says: "It is stated that the New Orleans Picayune divided $90,000 profits last year, or $18,000 each to the five proprietors."

The plan adopted in the South to keep away flies from the horses, is to make a strong decoction of walnut leaves and wash the animal thoroughly with it every morning.

Mrs. Henrietta Harden, the widow of a Revolutionary soldier, recently died near Mobile, Alabama, at the age of 118 years.

A writer in the Bunker Hill Aurora says that bankrupts are allowed to retain property to the amount of nearly $5000.

The number of persons killed in the United States by railroad and steamboat accidents during the month of July, was 152.

One quarter of the Journal of Commerce has been sold for $55,000—making the whole establishment worth $220,000.

Rogues are now making and selling ladies' muslin collars, covered with nicely counterfeited paper embroidery.

The apple crop in New York will be a short one this fall.

Arrangements have been made for a monthly mail between Boston and Australia.

Alexander Von Humboldt, now eighty-five, still writes valuable works.

New York consumers still pay as much for meat as they did last spring.

There is a plentiful supply of grain with our old and new crop together.

In New York, $20,000,000 worth of ready-made clothing is sold annually.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Capt. John H. Anderson to Miss Elizabeth F. Rounday.

By Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Samuel N. Furber to Miss Priscilla A. Worster.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Warren Wasgatt, of Rockland, Me., to Miss Lucy A. Buchanan.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. William Brown to Miss Matilda Aitken, both of Glasgow, Scotland.

By Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Samuel F. Tufts, Jr., of Charlestown, to Miss Ellen J. Humphrey.

By J. F. Healy, Esq., Mr. William Reid to Miss Abby Garcy, both of Providence.

At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Sykes, of Boston, Capt. Henry R. Baker, of Boston, to Miss Sarah S. Young.

At Auburn, by Rev. Mr. Hoadley, Mr. W. S. Wood, of North Attleboro', to Miss Sarah S. Knowlton.

At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Maltby, Mr. Isaac Hammond to Miss Abby J. Leonard.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. William Hawthorne to Miss Jane Harrison.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Joseph Johnson Miss Lucretia Wheelock.

At Swansey, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Henry Graham to Miss Adeline Peck, of Rehoboth.

At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Joseph D. Paul, of Gloucester, Mass., to Miss Agnes A. Moore.

At New London, Ct., by Rev. Mr. Edwards, Rev. James B. Miles, of Charlestown, Mass., to Miss Julia B. Hurlbut.

At New York, by Rev. Dr. Tyng, Richard C. Morse, Esq., to Miss Harriet H. Messenger.

At Whitehall, N. Y., by B. Doig, Esq., Mr. D. H. King, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss S. Anna Coleman.

Deaths.

In this city, Miss Fanny W. F. Jones, 16; Mrs. Jane N. Jones, 40; Mrs. Mary Jane Green, 54; Mr. Johnson Colby, 65; Mr. George D. Marsh, 33; Mr. Joseph W. Hammond, 32; Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, 77.—At East Boston, Miss Sarah Frances Brown, 22.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Lucy M., wife of Mr. Edmund C. Bradford, 16.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Eliza Moore, 32.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Mary G. Lunt, 79.

At Milton, Mrs. Julia Rogers, 48.

At Needham, Mrs. Miriam W. Stedman, 62.

At Melrose, Mrs. Mary Gould, 61.

At Salem, Dr. John G. Treadwell, 51.

At Marblehead, James H. Dowd, of Cambridgeport, 16; Mrs. Ruth Phillips, 69.

At Danvers, Mrs. Clarissa French, 60.

At Gloucester, Mr. Samuel Wonson, 2d, 57.

At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph H. Bayley, 35.

At West Randolph, Capt. John Belcher, 85.

At Worcester, Mr. Ira Fisher, 59.

At Dudley, Mrs. Rosanna T. Pope, 74.

At East Falmouth, Mrs. Betsey Backus, 63.

At Northampton, Mr. George Wilson, 81.

At North Belchertown, Mr. Hezekiah Thayer, 71.

At Amherst, Mr. Elisha Hastings, 78.

At Lenox, Dr. Robert Worthington, 64.

At Rutland, Mrs. Jane C. Henry, 49.

At North Brookfield, Mr. Horace Waite, 52.

At New Bedford, Mr. Howard Davis, 53.

At Provincetown, Mr. Nathan Young, 63.

At Havana, Mr. William T. Moore, 24.

At Trieste, Capt. John E. Pettis, of Portland, 45.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CARRION CROW.

BY W. LEIGHTON, JR.

Morning awake! nature arise!
See brightly blush the eastern skies,
Prolonging there the foremost ray
That brought glad tidings of the day.
Soaring on high
Amid the sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Awake, ye forests, from your sleep!
Soon o'er the hills the sun will peep—
Gild your tall treetops with his light—
Drive from your depths the shades of night.
Proud lord am I
Of earth and sky,
I am the Carrion Crow.

Ye silent fields of ripening corn,
Rejoice ye, in the glowing morn!
Your golden fruit will soon be seen
Bursting forth from covering green;
A feast for me,
I know 'twill be—
I am the Carrion Crow.

The farmer looks upon his field,
Counting the bushels it will yield;
I'll dine each day his crops upon,
While his straw man stands looking on.
I'm a wise bird,
As he has heard—
I am the Carrion Crow.

When to the field my flock I've led,
Our watchman, upon the scarecrow's head,
Will see that none are lurking nigh,
Our dainty dinner to annoy.
For I was not
Born to be shot—
I am the Carrion Crow.

I love to float along the sky,
Passing hill and woodland by;
Now bathing in the cloud's soft veil—
Now close to earth I gently sail.
Though sad my cry,
Yet glad am I—
I am the Carrion Crow.

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY CITY FLIRTATION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

THAT was a day in my life which I can never forget, if I live to a hundred years. It was the day on which I was sixteen years old. It seemed to me that the fullness of time had come. All past things were merged into that one dear, delightful era of girlhood. It was, indeed, the "age when time goes swiftly by, with diamonds in his glass." I had looked forward to this era during the whole previous year, and on the morning that completed the magic circle of sixteen years, I was a perfectly happy and contented being. My first ball! what an event was that! The first play I witnessed, which, by the way, was Douglas; my first visit to the great city, on my own responsibility, unaccompanied by friends to take care of me, all happened this year. The wings of freedom were very pleasant possessions, and the only wonder was, that I did not fly off with them altogether.

The secret lay here. I had a lover, to whom I had been solemnly engaged from the hour in which I had attained the venerable age of fifteen. In my womanly appreciation of his wonderful dignity,—for he was nineteen years old, and a grave youth too,—I tried to sober down the flow of animal spirits which my happy childhood had indulged; and at sixteen I was really as mature as at twenty five. Relying on my discretion, my father proposed that I should visit his brother, a wealthy merchant in Boston, who repeatedly solicited him to allow me to pass the winter at his house. My mother looked thoughtful, and he noticed it.

"I would not object to it, my dear," said he. "Mary must see life as it is, sometime, and perhaps *now* is the time."

"But will she come back to an ordinary home and simple pleasures, when she has passed a winter in excitement and gayety?" she asked; "will she come down to our humble sphere, after revelling in luxury for months? I fear, greatly, that we shall err, by placing her under such temptations. Mary is already fond of novelty, and she has taste, I know, to appreciate art. In your brother's family, she will have all this gratified. She is contented now, with the attentions of Albert Warner, because, as yet, she knows no one superior to him. How will it be when she has seen the elegant and distinguished men who are so often at your brother's table, and who, of course, must feel bound to bestow a little passing attention on his niece?"

"Now, Serena," said my father, "you do place the visit of a child to her uncle's house in a very important light. I do not see it thus, at all."

"True," she answered, "it is precisely because you are not a *mother*, that you do not see it."

I was an involuntary listener to these words; but they had an effect upon my mind that remained during the whole of that eventful visit.

I arrived at my uncle's house a few days before the New England Thanksgiving, when the season of amusement was beginning; and, thanks to my kind relations, I enjoyed the best of them. Everything which a kind and genuine politeness could suggest, was done to make my first season in town pass pleasantly.

My aunt was a fashionable woman, but she was judicious, kind, and sincere. She loved the splendors of life, but she did not sacrifice mind to them. She had a taste for the beautiful, and, somehow, she had the faculty of blending it with everything belonging to her. Even my sallow face and awkward figure received a new and startling alteration, under her direction. As I gazed at myself in the ample glass in my dressing-room, three weeks after I arrived, I should hardly have recognized the elegant figure which it reflected, for that which had appeared a short time before at the Glenville ball. I was surprised at the effect which the dress-maker and hair-dresser had produced; and I confess that I secretly admired myself on that evening. I was dressed for a party, and I believed earnestly that I should make a sensation there. I forgot that there would be those present to whose perfect and complete beauty, as well as to their superior attractions of manner, mine would be as the moth to the butterfly. However, I enjoyed it, and was quite satisfied with the attentions which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, I received. My uncle had no daughters, and, possibly, there were some young men there who would have little objections to me, if they thought I should ever inherit his property.

The thought of Albert Warner kept my heart from any entanglement; and I had not yet become surfeited with pleasure,—so that I cared little for the conquests of which others were so constantly boasting. It was enough for me to know that, wherever I appeared, I could command a certain degree of attention, and I asked no more. I did not stop to think whether the elegant beings around me had hearts or not

This could not last long, however, and my serenity was disturbed at the first cloud. By my aunt's desire, I had written to Albert to come up for a week. He accepted her invitation, and I was glad and happy when he came. Happiness sparkled in his eyes, and made him look positively handsome. I went out to walk with him soon after tea, and my own happiness was complete. We returned home to find a party of our most fashionable friends, who had dropped in, one after another, to chat about the entertainment of the previous evening. And now came my trial. I had ever thought that Albert looked and appeared like a gentleman. I know now that he did; but at that time, I was jealously sensitive to anything which marked him as differing from the people around us; and my eyes watched every glance and movement in the room, when he was presented to the company by my uncle. I saw the sarcastic look of Russell Stedman, as he advanced to shake hands with Albert. I noticed the side-long glance which he gave to Louisa Graves, who, in turn, smiled back with an expression just like his own. My cheek burned with anger; and yet, I was worse than they, for I felt ashamed of his appearance, since it could excite their mirth.

Later in the evening, I was proud to find that, on several subjects that were started by my uncle, Albert conversed with a freedom and propriety far above any in the room, and with an evident understanding of all their bearings But this exultation was sadly taken down, when Stedman asked him some questions relative to a subject of etiquette, and he failed to answer him satisfactorily.

Albert did *not* stay a week. He was evidently pained and annoyed by my devotion to fashion and style, and disturbed and angry with the impertinence of Russell Stedman, who, for the passing amusement of the hour, or perhaps purposely, to vex the "country youth," as he called Albert, had begun to load me with a series of unwelcome attentions. Albert saw all this with a jealous eye, and his sensitive nature could not patiently endure it. What wonder, when he saw that I was not satisfied with his personal appearance, and that I took every opportunity of praising the superior fashion of our other guests, their air, manner, dress, and all the thousand little nothings which attract empty minds. O, it was too true of me, what my mother had said, that this season in town would unfit me for my sphere.

I was becoming selfish, haughty, arrogant. I had unconsciously adopted the importance which, as Mr. Goodwin's niece, had been tendered to my acceptance; and, in my audacity, had forgotten that it was not mine, but only lent to me for the season.

My parting interview with Albert was very sad on his side—very cold on mine. I resented his wish to withdraw me from the scenes which he truly felt were unfitting me for the lowly station which, as a poor printer, was all that he could offer me, as his wife. He knew his own powers of mind, he acknowledged, and he was sure that some day he would attain distinction somewhere—but he expected to toil on for many years, and it would be easier climbing, he said, if he was sustained by a wife's hopeful love. Meantime, he was confident that I should never grow stronger or more hopeful in my love, by the life I was then leading, and it was his earnest hope and wish that I should leave it, and go home

I was angry and surprised, and undoubtedly answered him peevishly. He turned away with a sad look, which haunted the whole of that sleepless night; but the next morning, Russell Stedman was by my side, and that day I spent whole hours with him at the Atheneum, hearing his implied admiration for myself, and his no less openly implied sneers at my "country lover."

I will not say that I experienced no remorse at this, for I truly did; and yet, such was the fascinating influence of his presence, that I went on, joining him in many of his opinions upon the quality of that sort of style which only could please those truly initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Weak as I was, I did not perceive how he led me on to utter such opinions, derogatory to the man who had showed how he loved me, by selecting me as his future wife. I did not perceive that I was unconsciously exalting this brainless puppy of fashionable pretensions above my own true-hearted and high-minded lover.

It was not until I sat down in my own room at night, that the voice of conscience was heard; and even then I resolutely turned away from its words. It told me *to go home*—to go home to the heart that loved me—and to leave forever the scenes and the beings that were coming between me and that faithful heart.

I turned away from the words; but as I caught a glance at myself in the glass, I saw that my cheeks and lips were as pale as ashes.

I rose the next morning with a strange, faint, wearied feeling; but I went out, and was soon joined by Russell Stedman, who rallied me on my pale looks. I strove to appear gay, and he promised to spend the evening at my uncle's house.

After I returned home, the old thoughts came back to me, but company, music, and lastly, the promised coming of Mr. Stedman, banished it from my mind.

Among my acquaintances, was a young girl who had deeply interested me from her evident sadness. She was frequently in company, by her parents' express command; but she always appeared sorrowful, and could hardly ever be prevailed on to enter into any amusement. I pitied her, and often left the dance and the song to sit beside her, for which, I must honestly confess, she did not appear so grateful as I thought she ought. I thought her very unthankful, for I had quite valued myself upon my magnanimity in leaving those who were congenial, and staying with this poor "wall flower."

My aunt told me her history, one day. She said that she had been engaged, but that the gentleman had suddenly left her without the least explanation; and that she, for a long time, was very ill in consequence of his desertion. So foolish, my aunt said, to care for one who left her in that way; it provoked her to think a young lady would be so very romantic. It might do for the country or the seaside, but was quite out of place in the city! My aunt thought that the city was no place for hearts—and perhaps she was right.

Had my aunt told me the whole story—had she intimated that the man who had thus deserted Augusta Mayberry, was the man whom she permitted to come to her house—to ride and walk and dance with one of her family, I should have been a sadder, but perhaps a wiser woman for the revelation But she never hinted that it was Russell Stedman who had cast this blight over the young girl's innocent life, and had condemned her to a long and perhaps hopeless struggle with her heart and her affections.

My answer was a light laugh, and an assurance that no man in the world could win a tear from me if he deserted me.

"Take care of your heart, then, with Russell Stedman," she laughingly responded.

Russell Stedman! Had it come to that then, that I was warned of him? Were our names linked together thus, and I the promised wife of another? I echoed her laugh, but there was something almost prophetic at my heart, and I longed to be away from her piercing eye.

I felt a light hand upon my arm. It was that of Warren Hay, a stripling of some seventeen years, who had attached himself to my side very often lately, much to the wrath of my constant attendant. He was entreating me to dance, and to drive away present thoughts. I went forward to the saloon where a few couples were forming a set. Something prompted me to shun Russell Stedman for the rest of the evening. He noticed it, and upbraided me with it as we passed each other in the dance, for he, too, joined the set after I had done so.

The next evening saw all our family at the theatre, myself included, and Russell Stedman was by my side. The same week we were at the opera; and so one evening after another I was led through the manifold dissipations of a winter in a city, until the spring dawned upon a worn and wearied being, looking more like a woman of thirty than a girl of sixteen.

As my uncle's family was preparing to go to the country for the summer, I hastened my arrangements to go home, and the middle of May was fixed upon for my departure. My uncle was to accompany me, and I was strongly urged by my aunt to join her at Newport in August. "You will see Mr. Stedman there," she added. I bit my lip till it bled, for, although so devoted to me through the winter, he had not spoken in any way to make me suppose that he wished to be engaged. My own engagement to Albert Warner had long since become cancelled in my own mind; and, as I seldom heard from him, I presumed that it was also forgotten by him.

I returned home—O, so different from what I left it! The sallow skin was improved, the awkward figure was straightened, and made graceful; but I was ten years older for that one winter's experience; and, as I looked into the small glass that hung in my chamber, and which had never looked so small before, I shrunk from myself. Ah, my mother's prophecy was fulfilled! All that evening, I was looking at the vacant corner which Albert Warner had always occupied. I missed the sight of his figure, the sound of his voice, the music of his cheerful laugh. And everything at home looked so mean and insignificant! My uncle's splendid house, gleaming with light, and the rich curtains and pictures, rose brighter to my memory, when I contrasted it with our small, narrow rooms. My mother's modest dress and smooth hair were so different from my aunt's rich velvets and satins, and her magnificent head-dress. Even the dear old piano sounded like a tinkling cymbal, after my winter's experience of the grand one in Louisburgh Square.

When the evening had nearly gone by, I ventured to mention Albert's name. I did it with a sort of foreboding; for something told me that he ought to be there to welcome me home. I had lost the excitement and interest of my city life, and I required another stimulus to supply its place.

My mother looked half-reproachful, half-commiserating, when she informed me that he had given up his business some weeks before, and had gone either south or west, no one seemed to know exactly which. I said she looked half-reproachful. When I remembered her earnest appreciation of his talents and goodness—her wish that I should be his wife—and the disappointment of her hopes, I wondered that she did not feel wholly so.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!" Albert Warner never seemed so dear to my heart as on that evening, when I felt that he had forsaken me forever; for I did not doubt that my conduct towards him was the cause of his removal. Dissatisfied as I felt with my home, I felt that it would not have seemed so dreary had he but stayed. I thought of another—of the elegant and fastidious Russell Stedman coming to visit me in a home so different from the palace-home which he occupied in the city. I shrank from the thought. Whatever he had thought of me in my uncle's house, I was satisfied that *here*, he would not deign to think of me again.

So I resolutely rooted out all thoughts from my mind, that had the slightest connection with our winter's flirtation; for much as I already despised the word, I could not call it by any other name, since love was never named between us. And it was for a silly flirtation, then, that I had lost a noble heart.

Day after day, I communed with myself, and the summer was ripening without bringing me a single ray of comfort. What could I do? Even had I known where Albert had gone, I could hardly have made up my mind to write him; and I suffered in silence.

My mother's mind was evidently ill at ease about me. She missed the glad flow of my girlish laughter, which had rung through the house the year before. She missed the sound of music with which I had ever delighted her; for, little as I was skilled, I could always please her by singing the sweet old ballads she loved so well. I liked better now, to sit in my own room, with the blinds shut, and pore listlessly over a volume of poetry, marking such passages as agreed with the morbid state of my mind.

I roused up, one day, after many weeks of this listless inactivity, to the thought that August would be here to-morrow. And I had promised my aunt that I would meet her at Newport. The week before, she had sent me a letter containing ample means to prepare for the journey, and a promise to meet me at a certain point on her way thither. I did not know whether to go, or to send an excuse; but, as I finally decided that I was fairly rusting out in my present state, I availed myself of the outfit she had sent me, and in less than a week was on my way to the grand watering place.

We were late in the season, but my uncle's rooms were engaged months before, and we found them ample and commodious. The air and exercise operated beneficially on my spirits, and my sallow cheek assumed a glow quite foreign to its usual hue.

We passed the entire month at this delightful place, and I think my spirits rose with every day's return. The secret charm was the presence of Russell Stedman, who came the very day after we arrived, and remained during our stay. The same attentions which he paid me in the winter, were now renewed; and it was with a feeling of pain that I saw the time approach which was to separate us. Albert Warner was again forgotten. I took myself to task for this miserable, vacillating spirit; but while HE was near me, the spell was not to be broken. To disenchant myself I should have been obliged to go back to the old home again. His figure would not blend with the ordinary ones there. Do what I would, I failed in grouping him in that place, and with such a background.

Well, we flirted through the Newport season, and walked on the sands, and talked sentiment, the night before we left, but not a word of aught serious. So we parted;—I with a desperate determination never again to see him, and he, I suppose, with a resolution never to commit himself unless he was sure of my becoming Mr. Goodwin's heiress. I judged of this more truly on the following morning, when I was again an involuntary listener to what concerned me alone. I was in the front drawing-room with the blinds shut. It was so early that almost every one was in bed; but I had a book to finish, and I took possession of a chair that might well have been called "Sleepy Hollow," for it contained me entirely, feet and all, within its ample embrace. Leaning against that very window, stood two gentlemen, and I soon caught the following words:

"Well, Stedman, do you go with Mrs. and Miss Goodwin, to-day?"

"No; what made you think that?"

"Merely because I thought both appeared to have arrived at a point when parting is out of the question, unless necessity compels."

"But I do not know as it would be politic in me to allow myself to come to that certain point."

"Why?"

"Because I do not yet know—let me speak it softly, lest lady ears should hear what lady tongue may proclaim—I am not yet assured that Mr. Goodwin will eventually adopt her, and without that assurance I can go no further."

"I understand. Have you any reason for thinking that he will not?"

"None in particular, but many in general. Mr. Goodwin is a public spirited man, and will probably leave a great deal of his money to public institutions. *I like the girl well enough*, but not quite well enough to marry her without money. *I have not committed myself!*"

I had heard enough—too much—and never foot trod faster than mine did back to my chamber. I met him at breakfast with a cool, easy, assumed sort of air, that I could see puzzled him terribly. He waited on us to the carriage, and asked me tenderly, when we should meet again. "I cannot tell," I said, "*I have not committed myself!*"

His cheek flushed crimson.

"Let me give you this piece of advice, Mr. Stedman," said I, "never lean against the outside of an open window, at a watering place, when you have secrets to tell;" and I stepped into the carriage, where my aunt had already settled herself.

"How tedious these lovers' partings are to bystanders," she said, laughingly.

"The next meeting between Russell Stedman and me will be more tedious still, to one of us, at least," I answered.

"What does that mean, Mary?"

"It means that Russell Stedman will never break my heart, as he has Augusta Mayberry's."

She started.

"How did you learn that?" she asked.

"From one more candid than you were. From herself, last night."

"I did not mean that you should know that, Mary, though perhaps it was wrong in me to keep it from you."

I did not tell her what I thought, nor what I had heard that morning; and I went home feeling somewhat better than before, because I had been excited to anger, and it had taken away my sadness.

The next five years of my life did not pass away without clouds; and regret and remorse were sometimes terribly busy at my heart strings. My mother was taken from us, and I alone was left to console my father. I was faithful to my duties there—hoping to palliate my past wrongs to another by patient discharge of the future.

My uncle and aunt were pressing in their invitations to me to renew my visit. I believe they were very sincerely attached to me, and liked to have me with them; nay, would gladly have adopted me, had I consented.

But there was a feeling on my part that preferred simple independence with my own father;—a feeling which probably I should not have known, had it not been for the heartlessness I had discovered.

Not until I was twenty-three years old, did I accede to their wishes, except for a day or two; and then only because my father was also included in the invitation to pass the winter with them. My uncle thought that the change would be beneficial to my father's health; and he promised him a great treat in the various lectures which were announced for the season, by rare and distinguished orators.

Seven years! Could it be seven years since I had arranged my hair at that mirror, for my first introduction into company? As I stood there now, calm, quiet—and I must say it—*handsome*, I could almost see the little sallow girl of sixteen, shy, awkward, and expectant, gliding in by the side of the full and well-developed figure which the woman of twenty-three presented there. I gloried in the change. I could not help it. I knew, too, what had made the change. It was the influence of high and lofty associations—the intellect which I had cultivated—the noble souls whose powers had been transmitted to me in the last three or four years, through their works which I had studied.

I had read deeply—earnestly—until the very souls of the writers seemed infused into my own. I had forgotten all that I had learned of the petty artifices of fashion, and had come out a true, earnest-hearted woman—a loving, trusting, hopeful woman—looking upon life as a means, not an end, and better, if not stronger for the painful discipline which I had known. I had worked this out for myself. I had not gone to this or that reforming or levelling power—the refuge of weak and disappointed minds; but I had truly to ascertain in what way I might discharge the duties belonging to me, and in their discharge I had grown into new harmony with nature and humanity.

I found a new set of people at my uncle's house. The butterflies of fashion who had fluttered there when I had passed my first season under his auspices, had flown away, *somewhere*; and Mr. Goodwin, growing old, and having no young people of his own, had naturally drawn around him those more congenial to his age and habits. It was very pleasant to me, for I dreaded going back into the old track. I had never felt myself fully entitled to enter the lists of fashion, even when I most eagerly mingled with her votaries. I *did* feel assured that I was able to appreciate talent and intellect; and I found now that I should be gratified to the extent of my wishes.

My uncle had become the patron of art. His taste had been ripened by two years' sojourn in Europe; and he drew around him all who were worthy to come into his sphere. Artists, scholars, poets, statesmen, gifted men and intellectual women, formed his daily circle; and it was with an expression of joyful surprise that he found that I, too, "if not the rose, had been near the rose." I had associated with gifted minds through their works—it was his delight to bring me with them face to face.

It was like a new existence to me. I breathed enchanted air. My father, too, renewed his old love for intellectual pursuits, and displayed so much intelligence and good sense that I felt proud of him, and so did my uncle.

We went, one evening, to hear a distinguished orator repeat a lecture which had attracted universal applause. I recollect it perfectly. It was "The Romance of the Sea." I had heard it the first time it was delivered, but I longed to hear it again; and it was with a sense of disappointment that, after waiting thirty minutes after the appointed hour, the president announced that the lecturer was taken suddenly ill, and could not appear. A murmur of disappointment ran through the hall, but the president proceeded to say that a gentleman from the west had been induced to supply Mr. C.'s place for that evening, and begged permission to introduce Mr. ——. I lost the name in the sudden movement of the audience in settling itself again to the attitude of listening; but I saw a tall, manly, well-defined form approach the rostrum, and a noble head bowed gracefully to the audience.

Half an hour—an hour—even longer, the people sat, so still that not a word was lost, while that rich, musical voice poured forth its tide of eloquence, its stirring beauty, its melting pathos. Surely—surely—said I, to myself, I must have seen those eyes and heard that voice in my dreams. The sentiments were those I had often ascribed to some being who should come some day to the world with a new revelation of goodness and justice—to the ideal man who, strong in the nobleness of right, should be above the fear of all wrong; and, appealing to the noblest principles only, should carry all hearts with him in his progress. Vague, indeed, was my conception of this idea, but it was something. I thought, to have formed it at all, it was *more* and *better* to have it realized at all Reflecting upon this, I had shaded my face with my hand, but at a movement that marked involuntary applause of a remarkable sentence which he had just uttered, I looked up and saw the eyes again. All the past years since I was a mere child, faded away in a moment, so much did those eyes resemble others that were treasured in my heart's dearest memories. For a moment, I was moved in spirit to utter an exclamation, but I suppressed it. The start which I could *not* suppress, attracted the notice of those around me, and I heard a voice—it was Russell Stedman's voice—ask if the lady was faint. I turned round to assure him that I was not. I wanted to look at him, and I knew that he would not recognise me, I had so changed, since he knew me. I saw a coarse, but still rather handsome man, who looked as if he was in the habit of "pouring deep libations," and I knew it was he, at once. His voice, peculiar always, had not changed at all. I should have known it any where, for its want of depth and intonation. The lady who hung upon his arm, and whose fan he was holding showed that he had "committed himself," by asking her to become his wife. She was a faded, inanimate looking woman, quite a contrast to the burly and ruby-faced man beside her. I turned back gladly to the "eyes" again.

My uncle was in ecstacies; and the moment the lecture was concluded, he proposed inviting the speaker and the officers of the association to a social supper at his house, as was frequently his custom, when more than ordinarily interested in the lecturer.

As he passed from the platform, he was met by our party, and the president, readily divining my uncle's intention, seized the moment for an introduction. *This* time I heard the name, and it sent a thrill through my heart. I could not look up at those eyes now, for he had, I knew, recognized my uncle and my father, and soon he must know who "Miss Goodwin" was, too. I never knew how I got through with that introduction. I did not fully recover my senses, I believe, until we were seated, strangely enough, and by mere accident, side by side at the supper-table.

Then I ventured to look up, and the silent look I received was enough. The preparation of the last seven years had been made not in vain. He was changed, and I exulted in the thought that he was not alone in being so. Soul could meet with soul now; but how was it with the hearts? Had nothing dearer come to the gifted man—the idol of the intellectual—the impersonation of my ideal—since he had loved the little sallow-faced, ignorant girl? There were few words between us; but as we both leaned against a deeply curtained window in the drawing-room, half concealed by the ample drapery, from the eyes of the company, who were eagerly conversing upon some topic of the day, our eyes met. "Mary!" "Albert!" It was enough. Language, though it had been from the lips of angels, would not have helped us here.

* * * * *

"What *are* you writing so earnestly, Mary?" said my husband, just now, as he entered the room. "I should think you were preparing a memorial to Congress, by the way you put your soul into your pen."

"Perhaps I am—for Woman's Rights!"

"No need of that, dear; come with me, and I will show you the best exposition of that vexed question."

He led me to the next room, where three bright, laughing, rosy-cheeked children were trooping over sofas, chairs and tables, to the imminent risk of their own limbs and the spoiling of our new furniture. He joined in their play, with a face full of smiles, and beaming with a parent's love, while I stood by in affected dignity, pretending to despise such trifling in grown-up people.

"You can't help yourself, Mary, there is a fragment of a smile at the corner of your mouth, which tells a truer story than a thousand written pages could do."

He placed the youngest, little Mary, in my arms at that moment; and as I hushed the little wearied creature to sleep, I heard him utter softly, while gazing upon his household group, "I am content to die—but O, *not now!*"

THE CAMEL.

Among the advantages of the camel for military purposes, may be mentioned the economy of his original cost as compared with the horse or mule, when once introduced and fairly domesticated; the simplicity and cheapness of his saddle and other furniture, which every soldier can manufacture for himself; the exemption from the trouble and expense of providing for his sustenance, and from dressing, sheltering, or shoeing him; his great docility, his general freedom from disease, his longevity, the magnitude of his burden, and the great celerity of his movements, his extraordinary fearlessness, the safety of his rider, whether from falls or the viciousness of the animal, the economical value of his flesh, and the applicability of his hair and his skin to many purposes of military use or convenience, the resources which, in extreme cases, the milk might furnish; and, finally, his great powers of abstinence from both food and drink.

There are few more imposing spectacles than a body of armed men, advancing under the quick pace of the trained dromedary; and this sight, with the ability of the animal to climb ascents impracticable to horses, and thus to transport mountain howitzers, light artillery, stores, and other military material into the heart of the mountains, would strike with a salutary terror the Camanches, Lipans, and other savage tribes upon our borders.—*Geo. P. Marsh.*

A GREAT EEL FISHERY.

The eel is, in one respect, at least, a suggestive fish. "Slippery as an eel," is a phrase often used to denote character; and we doubt not that if everybody knew the extent of the eel fisheries of Italy, the term "plentiful as eels" would soon supplant the old Yankee expression "plenty as blackberries." In early spring the eels ascend the river Po, and in the months of October, November and December, when about returning, channels leading into still water-basins are opened, and the fish, thinking that they are upon their way to the sea, enter the basins in such great numbers that oftentimes the quantity accumulated there is so large as to form a mass which rises above the surface of the water. The eels are taken by the fishermen from these basins and conveyed to different markets. In the year 1851, about a million and a half pounds of eels, valued at $170,000, were captured in the basins in Cammachir alone.—*Weekly Despatch.*

A modern writer says: "I never give a man credit for having the power of doing what he never does. Plausibility is very imposing, no doubt; but when I see one of whom people say, 'He has talent, he has genius, if he would use them right,' I think it is a sham, and not the real thing; for sound talent and true genius don't go with a laggard spirit—they are like a spur in the heel to keep a man advancing."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MISS FRIZELL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

Standing on the main street in the little village of L——, is a large building of showy exterior, bearing upon the front door, in large letters, Miss Frizell's Young Ladies' Boarding School.

To those who may wish to know something of the proprietress of the educational establishment aforesaid, we will simply say that she had attained the age of thirty-nine without an offer—that she was tall and rigid in form—stiff and formal in her deportment, and wore green spectacles!

It was the custom with those knights of the Middle Ages who were not fully assured of their wives' fidelity, to place them under the charge of some elderly female duenna whose office it was to watch over them with vigilance. For such an office Miss Frizell would have been wonderfully well fitted. As, however, it was not her good fortune to live in an age of chivalry when her duenna-like qualities would have come into play, she did the next best thing—namely, opened a young ladies' boarding school.

For a student while under her care to carry on a flirtation was next to impossible. Such a thing did, however, occur on one occasion, the particulars of which I am about to relate.

Richard Hargrave, or Dick, as his familiar friends were wont to call him, a young law student from one of our cities, being, as he said, quite worn down with study, threw aside Blackstone one pleasant summer morning, and came down to L——, to ruralise and angle for trout.

He engaged board in the family of a respectable farmer, and for a week managed to kill time very agreeably with angling and shooting. Of these, however, there came a satiety, and he looked about him to see what next might serve to occupy his attention. The haying season had just commenced, and during the day nearly all the male population of the little agricultural town were in the meadows busily occupied in converting the green carpet whereof poets discourse, into the less romantic article of food for cattle. Conceiving this to be a most delightful employment, our young student wielded the rake with enthusiasm until he found that it had an unpleasant way of blistering his hands, and began to realize that haying beneath the hot rays of the sun was scarcely conducive to personal comfort.

This resource being at an end, the disciple of Blackstone would have been puzzled to decide what next to hit upon, if very fortunately at that precise time some had not conceived the felicitory idea of a picnic.

This idea Dick at once seized upon with enthusiasm and made himself prominent in carrying out.

One grave question suggested itself—would Miss Frizell permit the young ladies connected with her establishment to be present? Dick, who was appointed one of the managers, prudently forbore to urge the request in person, but succeeded in inducing two elderly gentlemen, one of whom was a deacon, to prefer it. To a request proceeding from such a source Miss Frizell condescended to listen, and the young ladies, much to their gratification, and considerably to their surprise, were informed that if they would promise faithfully to preserve that propriety of demeanor which she, Miss Frizell, had taken every opportunity to cultivate, they would be permitted to be present at the coming picnic.

Of course they gave the required promise, and looked forward with eager anticipation to the day fixed for the excursion. At length it came. Punctual to the minute the young ladies appeared, walking two by two, with their dignified preceptress, Miss Frizell, at their head.

Dick glanced with interest at them as they filed by, and would gladly have joined them but for the forbidding look and dignified gravity of the lady who headed the procession. He would have been very glad if Miss Frizell had seen fit to stay away. This, however, she had shown no intention of doing. Acting on the well known principle, that "liberty is the reward of eternal vigilance," she was resolved that such should be the case with her scholars, and that the liberty which contrary to her wont she had accorded them, should be qualified by constant vigilance on her part to detect any improprieties of which they might perchance be guilty.

Dick began to despair of an introduction to any of the young ladies, when luckily he fell into conversation with a gentleman who had a niece connected with Miss Frizzell's establishment. This gentleman becoming acquainted with our young lawyer's desire, immediately stepped forward and introduced him to his niece, who in turn made him acquainted with her companion. It was not long before they were conversing with a gaiety and freedom suited to their years, much to the discomfiture of Miss Frizell, who looked on with a lowering brow, feeling, notwithstanding her displeasure, that it was impossible to interfere, as the young gentleman had been introduced by a patron of the school. She inwardly resolved, however, that she would amply make up for her enforced silence when she returned home, and would give Miss Linden (the niece) such an admonition respecting the proper degree of reserve to maintain towards a young gentleman, who was a perfect stranger, that she would not again be in danger of transcending that measure of decorum upon which she so justly congratulated herself.

At length the picnic was at an end, not, however, before Dick had asked permission to call upon Miss Linden, who had made a favorable impression upon him. She, who was equally well pleased with him, consented gladly, although with some misgivings as to the reception which he would be likely to receive at the hands of Miss Frizell.

Dick, who did not believe in delays, availed himself of this permission the very next evening. Attired in a fashionable suit with which he had provided himself just before leaving the city, and which thus far he had despaired of finding an opportunity to use, he boldly strode up the gravelled path bordered with rows of flowers planted with mathematical precision, resembling in their upright perpendicularity the mistress of the mansion. He rang the bell with easy confidence, and awaited the result. From an upper window Miss Frizell had observed his approach, and now hastened to the door; this she opened some three inches, and inquired what he desired.

"I should like to see Miss Linden, who is, I believe, one of your pupils," said Dick, with easy assurance.

"Have you any important business to transact with Miss Linden?" inquired Miss Frizell, in a measured voice.

"No, madam."

"Perhaps you are entrusted with some message from her uncle?"

"No."

"Then what is your object in visiting her?"

Dick was somewhat taken aback.

"The pleasure of conversing with her," he at length replied.

"Then, young man, I have only to say that no young lady while under my charge, is permitted to receive visits from any young gentlemen, unless they are her near relatives, or have business of importance to transact with them."

This was something which Dick did not anticipate, and, as the door unceremoniously closed upon him, he was about to turn away in some discomfiture, when his attention was drawn to a note which fell at his feet. Looking up he caught a momentary glimpse of Miss Linden waving her handkerchief from an upper window. Picking up the note, he read as follows:

> "I have seen you from the window, and heard what passed between you and the ogress—that's what we call Miss Frizell. I knew from the first she wouldn't let you come in. She's a spiteful old thing, and keeps us girls mewed up as close as can be. If you want to see me you must come round to the garden fence about nine o'clock. I can manage to slip out unobserved, and then we can have a chat without the ogress knowing anything about it. But you must be careful not to make any noise. Her ears are as sharp as her nose, and that is saying a good deal.
>
> Yours in great haste,
>
> Lizzie Linden."

"Here's an adventure," thought Dick, as he read through the note. "I think we shall manage to deceive Miss Frizell, in spite of her sharp ears and watchful eyes."

Miss Frizell's watchful eyes had, however, enabled her to see that the young man was reading something, and conjecturing that it might be a missive dropped by Miss Linden, she immediately summoned her.

"Did you drop a note for that young man to read?" she inquired, abruptly.

"I!" exclaimed the pupil in affected surprise.

"Yes, *you*, I think I speak so as to be understood."

"What should make you think so, madam?"

"Simply because I saw something drop at his feet, which he picked up and commenced reading."

"O how sorry I am!" exclaimed the young lady, with an appearance of deep mortification. "I am afraid it was my last French exercise which was lying on the window-sill. It was full of blunders. What will he think of me?"

"It makes no especial difference what he thinks of you," replied Miss Frizell, quite deceived by this adroit assertion, "unless it teaches you to pay more attention to your French in future. It is my duty to tell you that you have done yourself very little credit in that department."

Very glad to get off so well, Miss Linden bore this reproach with surprising meekness—and even heard without a murmur that as the penalty of her carelessness she was to re-write the lost French exercise.

At length nine o'clock came, and punctual to the hour Dick Hargrave presented himself at the garden fence. Miss Linden was already there.

Such is the perverseness of human nature that from the first introduction of man into the world forbidden fruit has been considered the sweetest. For this reason, the stolen interview between Dick and Miss Frizell's disobedient pupil was enjoyed with the greater zest on account of the opposition which that lady had interposed to their meeting, and the full consciousness on the part of both that discovery would be followed by an explosion of wrath on her part.

Whether it was that Miss Frizell was not as watchful as usual, or because she did not dream of the extent to which her pupil would carry her presumption, Miss Frizell reposed in undoubted security, while the former was holding the forbidden interview. So that night passed without leading to a discovery.

This interview was not suffered to close their acquaintance. Many a pleasant evening afterwards the scene at the garden fence was repeated. Dick no longer complained of ennui and want of occupation. As for Miss Frizell, no longer seeing Dick in her neighborhood, she thought no more of him.

Miss Frizell had an only brother living in a neighboring town. One night at dusk she received a hurried message through a boy, intimating that if she wished to see him alive once more, she must immediately set out. Alarmed beyond measure at this startling message, she immediately had a carriage procured, and rode off post haste towards her brother's residence. It was a distance of eight miles over an uneven road, and the horse's pace by no means equalled her impatience. At length she arrived, and panting with haste presented herself before the astonished servant, inquiring if it was too late.

"Too late, ma'am," exclaimed the astonished Biddy, scratching her head, "is it for supper, ye mean? I'll get you some, though our folks have done two hours ago."

"Supper!" retorted Miss Frizell, scornfully. "What do I want of supper? Is my brother yet alive?"

"Alive! yes!" replied Biddy, with eyes wide open.

"Where is he? I must see him."

"Hadn't you better sit down, ma'am, and wait till he's done milking?"

"Milking! Why, is he not sick, dying?"

Biddy began to think the visitor crazy in good earnest, but finally succeeded in assuring her that her brother had never been better. Then, for the first time, Miss Frizell began to suspect that she was the victim of deception. For what purpose she did not dare to think. With the most direful apprehensions she put her horse to his utmost speed, and hurried home. At a turn in the road she encountered another carriage, containing (could she believe her eyes!) her pupil Miss Linden and Dick Hargrave.

"Miss Linden!" she called out in an authoritative voice. "I am shocked at your imprudence and want of propriety. Return with me at once, misguided girl!"

"You are mistaken, madam," replied Dick, courteously. "This is not Miss Linden."

"Be kind enough, then," said Miss Frizell, scornfully, "to inform me who she is."

"Permit me to introduce you, Miss Frizell. This is my wife, Mrs. Richard Hargrave. Owing to haste, our cards are not yet printed, but when they are so, one shall be despatched to you forthwith."

Miss Frizell by a powerful stroke lashed her steed into a gallop, and without a word departed. It affords us satisfaction to add, though not in general approving runaway matches, that this particular one brought regret to neither party.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BALLOONING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Ballooning seems to be one of the popular species of amusement at the present time. It is not wholly confined to those peculiar aerial flights which are made in wicker baskets, whereby multitudes may be amused by the process of inflation, and ponies can be made to traverse the air as well as the earth, but we refer to yet another kind of upper rising which thousands are practising, so that the charm of novelty is worn off, although the desire for inflation is not a whit abated. We sit at our window and with a few wiseacres deplore the folly that carries throngs along to witness the aeronaut, as if a man or other animal suspended in mid-air had in the effort any utilitarian project but just the grovelling aim which such flights are intended to accomplish, viz., to increase their gain.

And so we pitied the poor lame pedestrian who assured us he had travelled four miles in the heat, and had left an uneasy set at home who were obliged to rake hay while the sun shone, because he *would* see a man on horseback fly through the air. And he wiped the perspiration from off his dusty brow, and clutched the faded umbrella the tighter since it lent him the support of a staff when it was not needed to shield him from the shower, and as he protested "he would see something marvellous before he died, even if it did cost twenty five cents," we could not but feel the deluded old man was not alone in the company. For there were toiling men who had taken their wives and daughters to see the ascension, and little children trudged, as only they could do with an object to repay them for such an effort, and lusty Hibernians in faded linen sacks or thickly wadded January coats, were drawing stout babies who were fond of sight-seeing, while the poor washerwoman gathered her cloak about her to keep out the heat and hide her soiled under-dress; yes, and nabobs in carriages clad in full dress which even the queen would not reject, so scrupulously white is the neck-cloth, and ladies whose tissues a breath of wind would send into tatters if it came in a gale, all these were thickly drawn up in a common mass, just as silk and cotton will adhere together, so that one questions whether there is any genuine silk to be found without the admixture, and cotton umbrellas, too, all faded and broken and fringed, which were once warranted to retain their original colors and stiffness, "sure to bend, but not break," were jostled beside my lady's Parisian sunshade, whose ivory handle that little child has carelessly broken, leaving its owner to utter her invectives; all these had gone to the balloon ascension. And did they return satisfied with witnessing the whole process? What complaints were uttered because the inflation was so slowly carried on? Just as Young America everywhere would have all done in the moment's space; and on the whole, what a dissatisfied look those on the return gave to those who were excited with the prospect ahead. Even the "old man" was far from sure he had obtained his money's worth; the long procession moved off disgusted with ballooning.

But think you no one else ascends in an aerial car, but those who so publicly proclaim their intention? Have you never seen one inflating himself by a little credit or borrowed capital, when but a junior aping the grandeur of the senior members, and yet his process of inflation attracted no attention. He filled his life-boat with gas, he mounted and sailed aloft, until encountering another current less favorable, even by throwing out bag after bag to make his ascent the more easy, still he lights just where he dreaded he might, in a low, marshy quagmire, where without assistance he would remain a standing wreck of folly.

Nor is ballooning confined to one class of citizens. We have seen it in halls of legislature advocating its inflated one idea, which if but carried and made to pass "both houses" and become a law, would accomplish such results, that its enthusiastic advocate would be assured the "better time" had come already, his party instead of a pony being hoisted by suspension ropes.

But it is not twenty-one alone, inflated with casting his first vote and feeling a new sense of manliness as he surveys his comely person in the mirror, and puts on his freedom suit with an air which becomes his father, and carries the cane which his father has closeted against those days when infirmities stiffen the limbs, who walks with a peculiar gait not adapted to business purposes, as at twilight he drives a fast horse which is not returned until the *moon is down*, and all damages are paid on the spot like a gentleman; not this inflated youth is the only representative of ballooning.

"This house to let," stares at us from a placard with letters written with red paint not intended soon to be obscured. It was the residence of Mr. Buckeye, who is travelling abroad with his family. He has instructed his agent to let his summer house and find a tenant for his city mansion. Very well—Mr. B. has plenty of money, but he is not inflated enough to surrender all for appearances; and away in Italy he conjectures how much might be gained by this simple process in the way of rent, which without will yield no return for the three years he intends to travel. His agent, in acting according to instructions, forthwith advertises both residences. He is near the country seat to attend to applicants. The old retired millionaire jogs along with his wife by his side, in the square, clumsy family vehicle in which he has ridden for many years, until his daughters are all married and his sons are rich, influential men in St. Louis or New Orleans; and now the old lady is left alone on the back seat, and the old gentleman sits on the front one, for he drives his own horse, and as they draw the reins a little tighter, "bay mare" knows the signal is to check her trot, and there they read "this place to let," and they feel as if it would be agreeable to occupy it. But the rent being inquired of, the agent who pretends to be picking berries beside a wall where none ever grew, but seeing there is an earnest look at quarters he longs to dispose of satisfactorily; why, he adds in a clear tone, "the rent, sir, is one thousand a year and cheap at that." The millionaire made his first thousand very slowly, he expended his small income very economically, and his prudent wife believes the habit will always stick to them; and the bare suggestion of paying a thousand dollars to live under shade trees and entertain city friends, and keep a coachman and a gardener, and live on fruits all the year round, which grow in yonder hot-house;—why, he feels it would be too extravagant for *them*.

Yonder comes a different couple to hire the premises. "Black Jack" was purchased for a carriage horse three months ago at eight hundred dollars. Mr. Budd thought it would be less expensive to drive out afternoons, than to live in the country altogether. But the novelty of driving fast horses is wearing away; his wife, too, thinks her health and the baby's would be better should they live in the country from June to October. There is no surprise that a thousand dollars is demanded for the use of their premises annually, "that green house is such a treasure," says Julia, "and we can easily rent it the other months in the year," quoth William; and on the whole they are nearly ready to strike a bargain, when agent inquires to what firm is he attached, and incidentally remarks, "with *good security* and quarterly payments, he should be glad to let it for three years." But our young merchant who aspires to the country mansion, has been ballooning lately. He sent an adventure to Canton and it took well, and prospectively he is a rich man. "If any one doubts his credit, and demands security for rent, they are welcome to keep their premises for all him;" and he gives "Black Jack" only a gentle reminder to be off, when he rears, plunges forward, and shows that he has a metal about him not so fluid or gassy as was supposed. We next hear of this young pair at a rural retreat, purchased and paid for, swimming in the full tide of fashionable life carried out in metropolitan style. But late adventures have not yielded a fair return, the senior partner has withdrawn—credit is not so high in the market—and the splendid establishment is surrendered to the very original owner to whom it was first mortgaged. *His* balloon came down in a very undesirable locality.

And the application of ballooning in politics is just as rampant. The candidate must first be inflated, and then his supporters will constantly rise with him. We are an ascending nation; we would not check the tendency, but we would put just gas enough on board to ensure a graceful rise, so that when the upper current sets in and changes our course, we may not land as did Major Brown of school-book notoriety, who ascended in a balloon.

"Whose bags to Oxford flew;
But what became of Major Brown,
No mortal ever knew."

Charles Dickens.—Probably no writer, says the Critic, ever gained so much money by his works as Dickens. Not only does he possess the whole of his copyrights, but he reaps abundantly from foreign fields, where no other author can glean a straw. Even Harper of New York disburses hard dollars to Mr. Dickens. Tauchnitz of Leipzig pays him, we believe, $300 per annum. Then there is his current work, "Little Dorrit," and his share in "Household Words,"—a property of itself not to be despised.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BY CLARANEL ASHTON.

Thou of the peerless form and flashing eye,
With snowy neck and rounded limb;
Bright as yon stars that gem the azure sky,
When evening pours her vesper hymn.

Fair as the showers of clear white diamond dew
Night scatters from her radiant wing,
Floating like rosy light before my view;
Or like the first glad flower of spring.

Brightening my dull and weary pathway here,
Like some pure beam from upper heaven:
Darting its purple ray all calm and clear,
Just where the storm-cloud has been riven.

Lowly my spirit bends before the shrine
In which an angel is concealed—
But half, for brightly all those beauties shine
By which the angel is revealed.

Lady, they say that thou art vain as fair—
I heed them not—I cannot heed;
Meekly I see thee bend thy head in prayer:
God bless thee, dear one, in thy need!

Beauty so rich and rare, thou radiant girl,
Will bring dark envy round thy gentle lot;
Fashion with fraudful art and dizzying whirl,
May make thee vain and false, if thou art not.

Darkness and tempest clouds enshroud the bright,
Their life is strewn with many an evil snare:
Golden and gladsome beams are quenched in night:
Then, lady, bend thou low in humble prayer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

UNCLE STEPHEN
IN THE WESTERN WILDS.

BY EMMA CARRA.

THERE are but few of us who do not think there are incidents of romance and beauty connected with the rudely-constructed log cabins of the western wilds; and yet one would scarcely have thought the rough structure of which I am about to speak ever held a being within its mud-chinked walls worthy the notice of the most humble pen. But I have said enough for a preface, and now for a few incidents.

It was long ago, reader. The steam engine had not then invaded the western forests, nor even sent its whistle and smoke in that direction. The topmost branches of the old oaks, with the first breezes of the morning, bowed and nodded to each other as of yore, while their progeny climbed slowly upward, and the young ivy kept them company. Here and there, in some cleared spot, where nature seemed at peace, and the birds were having one great holiday, blue smoke rose upward and wreathed off alone, for there was no other cabin's smoke within many miles to mingle and bear it company. Brown-armed children with ruddy faces skipped and danced beneath those trees, unmindful of the noisy city that was many miles away, where the poor are born and live and die without ever drinking in one breath of the pure air as it comes from nature's great reservoir. But to the minutiæ of our tale.

The large, rough cabin of Samuel Champlin, or Uncle Sam, as he was called by the settlers who knew him, was piled together beneath the shade of one of those trees of which we have spoken, and around him were several rich acres of land that his own brawny arm, with the aid of his faithful wife, had cleared and got ready for the seed. There was no other cabin within several miles, but neither Uncle Sam nor his wife seemed to mind this; for, as they said, it gave them breathing-room, and space to hunt, and the children could whoop and exercise their lungs without the neighbors interfering in their sports or remarking upon their costumes. And so time flew by—the children growing larger and the precincts of the far-off city advancing nearer to the cabin. And then the more numerous settlers widened the Indian trail-path that led from the thick forests to the busy haunts of men, while yearly grew the intimacy between the settlers and the dwellers in the more thickly inhabited district. Winter came, and the glittering snow was piled and drifted in every direction, save the new-made road; but that was kept level, for the dwellers along its wayside now added to their gains in winter many a dollar that they would not have obtained had the roads been impassable; for gay parties of the youth and beauty of the town now congregated in rough jumpers and rude sleighs behind their hardy Shetland and Canadian ponies, and dashed off with almost lightning speed along the smooth surface of the snow towards the same smoke-browned cabins of the scattered settlers.

Among the favorite places of resort, was the home of Uncle Sam, for his cabin was of larger size than most of the others, and contained several different apartments, and the young men said he kept the best cider and apples, and the girls whispered to each other that his good-natured wife always made her cakes of better materials than the other log-cabin landladies, and then everything about the premises looked so neat and nice, and had such an air of civilization, that they were not afraid to partake of whatever was offered them there.

Early one morning in midwinter, I was seated at the side window of my room in the hotel, when I saw passing up the broad walk in the distance, the tall and well proportioned figure of Edson Peirce. His step was hurried, and, to use a phrase of modern date, I knew something unusual was in the wind; so I laid by the paper I was glancing over, and stepped to the door to meet him.

"Good morning, Edson," said I.

"Yes," said he, "it is a good morning—just the one for a sleigh-ride, and we have made up a nice little party to go out to old Uncle Sam's."

"Who are going, Ed?" inquired I, with a good deal of interest.

"O, Charles Swift, Albert and William Hurd, Mr. Brenton and—"

"Brenton?" interrupted I, and I know I looked anything but amiable. "Why do you call him *Mr.*, and all the rest of the young men of our acquaintance by their first names?"

"Well, I—I can't say, unless it is—"

"Because you are a little stupid, Ed."

"No, not that, Stephen, but because he is so much richer than the rest of us."

"And how do you know he is rich? for he has not been in the place more than three months, and methinks we ought not to pass judgment too quickly, when we have to take his word for everything."

"Why, haven't I seen him every day since he came among us? and I have never seen him yet without plenty of cash. And then, such letters of recommendation and introduction as he has; why, mercy! he must be from almost the highest circles of English society."

"May be," said I; "but—"

"Never mind about your buts," interrupted Edson, impatiently; "he is to be one of the company to-day, so do treat him as it becomes one gentleman to treat another, and he a stranger."

"Well, let it all pass, Ed. Who are to be the ladies of our party?"

"O, Lucy Atkins, Ellen Bush and"—looking archly at me,—"Angeline Knight, etc."

I felt a little too much blood escaping upward, but I paid him off by naming Elsey Davis, and then we began to converse about who kept the fastest horses that we could hire, and where we could get a jumper that would a little outdo the rest in point of beauty and convenience.

"Be sure and take your accordeon, Ed." said I, "and if you see Albert in season, tell him to tuck his violin in among the buffalo robes, for music is the life of the soul, and perhaps we can get that little wood-nymph of Uncle Sam's to sing to us if we play for her."

Edson promised yes; and then, after buttoning up close to his chin his shaggy overcoat, he again passed down the broad sidewalk, while I went in another direction to look for a fast pony.

Our company did not all assemble until about two or three in the afternoon, and then such a merry set as we were never made the woods ring so before. It seemed to be perfectly natural for every girl of the party to please. They all had such starry eyes, sunny hair and beautiful expressions generally, that it was difficult to say which one it was advisable to love the most. Brenton seemed to be the happiest of the party; but there was a recklessness about his manner that I didn't like. Angeline said with a silvery laugh, when no one was very near, that it was only because he had a handsomer pair of whiskers than I had, and because in our plays he was always adjudged to pay more forfeits. If she hadn't looked so roguish when she said it, I know I should have been vexed at that, but la! you couldn't get vexed with Angeline, let her say what she would, for she had such a coaxing way of saying she didn't mean any harm.

Early in the morning, as soon as the head ones in the company had made up their minds to go, they had sent a runner in advance to let Uncle Sam and his lady know that they might expect us in the evening; so when we arrived, which was soon after the sun bade Yankee land good-by for the night, such a fire as was glowing in that fifteen foot fireplace, I do believe it would have been considered a conflagration if it had occurred anywhere around here; but not so there, for it looked cheering out in that wild region, where one rough, stone chimney had to manufacture all the smoke that circulated for many miles. I was the first one to step within the wide door of the cabin, and with me Angeline Knight, and close behind us Elsey Davis and Brenton. O, what a burst of beauty met my gaze as I opened the door! There, in the corner, just where the blazing logs lit up every feature to the best advantage, stood Etta Champlin, Uncle Sam's eldest daughter. I had not seen her for a year, and she was now just sixteen. I had always thought her beautiful, but now, *beautiful* was a poor word to portray that child of the wilds. At a glance, I could perceive that she had visited the city since I saw her last; for she was dressed as tastefully as the girls of our party, though her costume was a mixture of the fashions of the Indian and white maidens; with bare arms and shoulders, and a short frock confined at the waist with a kid belt beautifully embroidered with beads. For a moment, I stopped and did not speak, for I was amazed at the change one year had made, but I instantly rallied, and feeling ashamed of my silence, advanced.

"Why, Etta," I said, "if you grow much more lovely we shan't let you remain out here in the woods—you must come to the city."

Etta glided easily and gracefully out of the corner, and, as she reached me her hand, she said pleasantly, but in a half whisper:

"The forest is the best place for the deer; it would die in the city—there is not room."

Just at that moment I caught a glance of Brenton's eyes as they were bent on the form and features of Etta, and I thought of every incarnate monster of which I had read from early childhood, but presently there came a counter thought—pshaw! it is only fancy; it is very ungentlemanly always to be imagining something against a stranger.

Then came in one after another of our party; and a little while was spent in laying aside hoods, caps, coats, cloaks, and then all took seats on the smooth benches drawn up before the fire. Etta seemed to glide around like a little fairy, handing a mug of cider to this one and a plate of cakes to that one, while her mother was busy in the square pantry preparing more and giving directions to two or three French girls who had been summoned from miles away, partly to help and partly to see and enjoy, as soon as Uncle Sam knew of our coming. All had spoken to the fair Etta. Brenton had been introduced to her, and everything promised fair for a very pleasant time.

"You haven't passed Mr. Brenton any apples, Etta," said Edson, as she reached the plate to him.

"O, I am sorry I slighted you, sir," she answered, innocently skipping towards him.

"O, never mind, my dear," answered the Englishman, looking full into her face; and then, as she came nearer and held the fruit, he said something to her that made the blood leap upward till it swelled the blue veins of her forehead, and for a moment left a peach-bloom hue over her face, neck and dimpled shoulders; but it was spoken so low that we could not catch a word, while she turned and looked towards the opposite corner of the room near where a candle (for it had become quite dark now) illuminated the features of a large, robust looking young man who had just entered and placed a lantern on the table. He was dressed in deer-skin breeches and a short hunting-frock, with a strong leathern belt confining it at the waist, and a hunting cap, which, as I looked around, he was just in the act of placing on an antler nailed to the logs. He could not have heard what the Englishman said to Etta, but he heard his voice, and caught her expression as she looked up, and I never shall forget the flash that went out from his eyes; but he said nothing—he only bent forward as if to make sure which of our number had been last helped by her. A few moments after, Uncle Sam came in, and replenishing the fire, said:

"Now make merry, young folks; enjoy yourselves while you are young, especially in my house, for Kate and I were young once, and we always wished the old folks the longest lives that let us make the most noise; so laugh, sing, dance and play on those fiddle-de-dees to your hearts' content. You will keep nothing awake here except a wolf or two, and may be a bruin that sometimes tries to make our acquaintance."

And then a little while after Uncle Sam and his wife disappeared, either by design or otherwise, and we heard of the former being engaged out at the frame barn seeing to the ponies, and that Katy had slipped on her cloak and hood and gone out to talk with him—to comment on the company, and tell him that as everything was ready in the pantry the young folks would enjoy themselves better to be alone. For a while we sat in front of the mammoth fire and joked and laughed, and then a few songs were sung. Etta took part with the rest, and then we requested her to sing alone. She complied rather bashfully, and sang a beautiful song that she had composed in leisure hours while looking on the wild scenery that surrounded them. How natural, how beautiful were the tones of her voice as they came up from the pure fountain of song. She did not seem to know how beautiful she was or how sweetly she sang, but she did seem to notice how closely the Englishman's eyes followed and watched her, and it appeared to annoy her; but she said nothing, and when the music commenced and all joined in the dancing, he offered her his hand in the set. She did not refuse, but looking towards the upper end of the room where stood the young hunter, who had been invited to dance, and was now standing opposite his partner, a young French girl, I saw that he gave her a peculiar look, that I interpreted as expressing a wish that she should accept, and in a moment more she was gliding with a natural grace down the centre of the long room in company with Brenton, her tiny feet scarcely touching the floor as they kept time with the music.

The Englishman appeared to be in his glory; he chatted and laughed with the fair young creature in the pauses of the figure, and when it was ended he took a seat by her side at the back of the room. Had his manner been that of a gentleman, nothing would have been thought of this familiarity by the dwellers in the forest, as their hearts were pure and they looked for nothing but purity in others, and they were so far away from the thicker haunts of men that with right good will they enjoyed the society of those from the settlements when they came among them; but there was a something about the manner of the young Englishman that the rural beauty could not fathom, and she would like to have shunned him, but the eyes of the hunter told her not to, so she did not rise as he sat by her side and talked.

"You are too pretty to be pent up in these woods," said he, with a great deal of assurance.

"I like the woods better than the town," returned Etta.

"But you would not if you could reside there a little while; it is just the place for such a beauty as you are to make your fortune. Why, if you were a sister of mine, I would have you in the market very quick, and marry you off to some of the nobility."

The young hunter was leaning against the rough mantel, and as Brenton went on, every moment getting more enthusiastic, and speaking louder to the fair one beside him, I saw his lip curl, and he gave a glance around upon the company assembled but made no remark. The Englishman's bold manner seemed to disconcert us all a little, but soon another "Take partners for a set" was spoken, and this time Etta danced with the hunter; and afterwards, when he led her to a seat, he bent his lips to her ear for a moment, when she looked up so full of confidence and love that not one of the company could fail to understand that he possessed her heart. This not only seemed to astonish Brenton but to annoy him; so when the hunter had left her side he crossed to where Etta was sitting and commenced talking to her again, nor did he try to disguise the contempt he felt for the rough-exterior lover. I exchanged glances with Edson, and I saw that he felt extremely pained, and a moment after he asked Brenton if he would not like to step out to our ponies and see if all were right.

"No," said the Englishman, with a proud toss of the head; "I prefer the society of the ladies, especially this little rustic beauty."

Up to this time the hunter had made no remark to Brenton, nor would any but a close observer have perceived that he noticed him more than any of the rest, but now approaching the Englishman, he said, pleasantly:

"Will not the other girls be jealous, if you show so much more attention to this one than to those that came with you?"

"And what is that to you? If they are jealous, would you like to stand champion?"

"Well, no," answered the other, in the same pleasant tone; "I shouldn't like to fight a human being if I could help it. I have no objection to encountering a bear or a catamount once in a while."

Edson and I exchanged glances again. I felt as if the current of my blood was beginning to congeal in my veins, and he looked as though if the girls were not present he would have said some hard things to the Englishman; for we knew the spirit and manner of backwoodsmen better than our imported companion, and we had seen enough of him to know that he would grow more insolent if the young hunter continued pleasant and conciliating.

"Well, then, you had better return to the corner, young man," said Brenton, "for it wont do for a rustic Yankee to be too familiar with gentlemen;" and then he drew himself nearer to the girl, and as if to crown the climax of his impudence, and to further provoke the young hunter, whom he thought an ignorant coward, he said, "If you knew how to prize your beauty, you would not waste it on such a clown as he is,"—and he attempted to press his lips to her soft cheek.

With a light bound and a stifled cry, Etta sprang from him, while every one of the company seemed paralyzed, expecting that a death struggle would follow. As Etta sprang from Brenton's side the hunter received her in his arms, and still spoke pleasantly, saying:

"I would not harm you, sir, especially before all these girls, for probably they are not used to fighting; but I think it strange that you should be one of such an otherwise peaceable company."

I attempted to speak, but the sound only amounted to a whisper, while Brenton arose to his feet, seemingly forgetful that there was any one present save the hunter and himself.

"Curse you," said he, "for a coward! I make it a point to chastise any one that interferes with me, let him be where he will and no matter who is present," at the same time aiming at the other a blow with his clenched fist. The young backwoodsman's strong right hand met the arm of his opponent as it was descending, and for a moment it was held as if in an iron vice; then giving it a fling downward as a child would a toy, he said, calmly:

"Be quiet, boy, or your bones may bleach in the western wilds."

In an instant, Brenton drew a pistol from beneath his coat and aimed it at the head of the young man; but its contents remained in the barrel, for with an easy movement the other wrenched it from him and threw it into the cavern-like fire-place among the blazing logs. Immediately the Englishman drew a large bowie knife that he had kept concealed, and rushed toward the hunter with a face purple with rage. We all leaped to our feet, while Etta, with a cry of anguish, sprang into the arms of her lover, and at the same instant received the blow destined for the hunter. The assassin's knife stuck quivering in her fair dimpled shoulder. Her lover gave one look towards it, then turned his glance on Brenton. That look will go with me to the grave.

Gently withdrawing the knife and laying her softly in the arms of one who sprang to receive her, we heard a hissing sound escape through his teeth, and the next moment the same knife quivered in the heart of the Englishman, while an explosion from the burning weapon between the strong stone jambs told us that it contained a deadly charge. And now the wide rude door was flung back, and in rushed Uncle Sam and his wife to learn the cause of the explosion; but the scene that was spread out before them I shall never forget. On the spot where but a little while before we were all dancing so merrily, now lay Brenton, with eyeballs upturned, through which the light of day could enter no more, and around him in warm pools his own life blood. Etta now lay in her lover's arms, unconscious of the horror depicted on every face that surrounded her, or the wild cries of her mother who bent over her.

But we will not longer dwell on description, but say that the Englishman's bones bleached in the western wilds, and after many months of suffering Etta Champlin recovered from the fright and the wound inflicted by Brenton, and rewarded the brave hunter by a gift of her own fair self. Some may think that our party were to blame for not interfering sooner, but events followed each other in such rapid succession at the crisis, that we were bewildered until we saw the knife, and then it was too late for prevention. The law administered to the young backwoodsman no punishment for the deed, for there were too many witnesses in his favor. But this event did not disturb the current of our enjoyment long, for the next winter as gay parties as ever visited Uncle Sam's, but we were more particular who went with us. Brenton, we afterwards learned, was an extensive forger who had fled from justice, and this accounted for his having so many letters of recommendation.

"Emma," said Uncle Stephen, "on the very spot where that log cabin stood is now built a large frame house, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the smoke from neighbors' chimneys wafts up on every side; come and look out of the window and I will show it to you."

I did as he requested, and he pointed to a beautiful dwelling but a few rods off as the one. As I looked and saw the dim outline of the woods away off in the distance, and the large mansion that intervened between, it all seemed to me like magic.

"Do you see that noble looking old man coming up the street with a portly lady by his side, and those young children running to meet them?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, that is the hunter and his Etta, and those are their children's children; they all live together in that frame house."

GREAT MEN.—The great village politician is lost in the town; the town lion is regarded as a mere kitten in the metropolis. The city alderman is lost in the world. Country clergymen and rural justices, who command infinite respect on their own glebes and acres, cannot understand, on coming to London, how it is that all Cheapside and Regent Street to boot, do not touch hats to them.—*Blackwood.*

Jester's Picnic.

"My son, can you take a trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger, stepping from a boat on the levee, to a ragged looking youngster, who sat balancing on the tail end of a dray. "Your son?" cried the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drapped, if I aint in luck! Here I've been trying to find my daddy for three years, and of a sudden up comes the old boss himself, and knows me right off. How are you?" stretching out a muddy-looking paw.

The traveller was nonplussed. Between a smile and frown, he inquired:—"What is your name, sir?"—"My name? So you don't know! Well, it's nothing for people in these parts to have so many children they don't know their names. My name's William, but some folks call me 'Ragged Bill,' for short. What the other part is, I reckon you know; if you don't, you must ax the old woman." And shouldering the trunk, he marched off towards the hotel, mumbling to himself: "Well, this is a go—the old gemman come home at last. Good clothes—big trunk—must have the tin. Well, I am in luck."

"Where did 'baccy come from, Corny?" inquired Mary.

"Why, from 'Meriky; where else?" he replied—"that sent us the first pitaty. Long life to it for both, say I!"

"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"

"'Meriky, is it? They tell me it's mighty sizeable, Moll, darlin'. I'm told that you might rowl England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's fresh water oceans inside of it that you might dhround Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of throuble; an' as for Scotchland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, and you'd never be able to find it out, except it may be, by the smell of whiskey. If I had only a thrifle of money, I'd go an' seek my fortin' there."

"Cæsar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "what do you tink is de most useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Clem, I don't know dat I should be able to answer dat question, seen' as how I neber had much book larnin'."

"Well, Cæsar, I 'peck de moon orter take de first rank in dat partiklar."

"Why so, nigger?"

"Because de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shine in de day time, when de light am ob no consequence."

"Well, Clem, you is de most larned darkey I eber seed. I guess you used to sweep out a school house for a libin."

A lady brought a child to a physician, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the Springs would be useful.

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner the better."

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word, it's the best remedy I know of."

"What Springs would you recommend, doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water.*"

Marshal Turenne happening one day to be looking out of the window of his ante chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap, a servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the undercooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand which was not of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the shoulder. The marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master. Down he drops upon his knees

"O, my lord, I thought it was George!"

"And suppose it had been George," replied the marshal, "you ought not to have struck quite so hard!"

A young lady, who was about making a descent in a diving bell, was instructed by her father to observe particularly when she was at the bottom of the water whether it was sufficiently light for her to see to read and write. Having provided herself with the necessary materials, on arriving at her destination she addressed the following verse to her paternal relative:

"From a bella, my dear father, you've oft had a line,
But not from a bell under water;
Just now I can only assure you I'm thine,
Your dutiful, diving, affectionate daughter."

It is in vain to regret a misfortune when it is past retrieving; but few have philosophy or strength enough to practise it. A famous physician ventured five thousand guineas upon the Spanish Sea project; when he was told at Garraway's that it was all lost.

"Why," said he, "'tis but going up five thousand pairs of stairs more."

This answer deserved a statue.

A youthful Frenchman received from his love the following letter:

"Isadore, you have abandoned me. That is the recompense for my virtue. My landlord will wait no longer. Come to-night, or I shall sleep in the room with a charcoal furnace. NANICHE."

Isadore was in no hurry. He went the next day to see the corpse; the furnace was burning, and his own Naniche was frying sausages.

The Abington (Mass.) Standard tells the following: The Rev. Mr. G., a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home on business, his little son, a youth of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked the blessing usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied with a grave face, "No, I don't like the looks of them taters!"

"Sammy, dear, hold up your head, and tell the gentleman how much twice nine makes."—"Ten!"—"O, fie! guess again."—"Eleven!"—"No"—"Twelve!"—"No"—"Thirteen!"—"No."—"Fourteen!"—"No."—"Fifteen!"—"No."—"Sixteen!"—"No."—"Seventeen!"—"No!"—"Eighteen!"—"Right! mother's own darling! That boy, I'm thinking, will make a figure in the world."

Courage is bad for health. Show us a prize-fighter, and we will show you a gentleman who is troubled with a bruised head more than half his time. It is only the timid that reach old age. The man who "ran away" at the battle of Saratoga is living yet, aged 93. His brother, who "wished to see it out," was "run into the ground" the day after the surrender of Burgoyne.

An assault on the freedom of the press was made by an excited individual, lately, in the shape of an attack upon a Louisville editor, for some report he had published. The result appears not to have been so satisfactory as was expected, as his club was left in the office, his pistols were handed to a police officer, and his hat was picked out of the gutter.

All's (s)well that ends (s)well.—The term "swell" has generally been applied to over-dressed gentlemen; but, if the ladies' dresses go on expanding at their present rate to balloониness, we shall soon see the little boys running after a lady, who may be as broad as an omnibus, and hear them crying out lustily, "There goes a swell!"—*Punch.*

On a Lady who was Painted.

It sounds like paradox—and yet 'tis true,
You're like your picture, though it's not like you.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

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